

# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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# LOOK NOT BACK

By ANNE VERNON

I KNEW there was trouble brewing that Sunday when Catharine came to lunch. She had that glowing, starry-eyed look about her. You can't mistake it.

"Well, have you had a good week?" I asked her.

"Busy. And Tom Sandal's been on leave."

Tom Sandal, I thought.

"I suppose you painted the town red," I remarked pointedly.

"As red as you can paint London these days," Catharine agreed. "And that isn't saying much, particularly since Tom's short of cash—as usual."

"His father's a country doctor, isn't he?"

"Yes. And Tom was working in a bank, you know, when war broke out."

"Let's have something to eat," I said. And we went in to lunch.

Catharine doesn't live with me. I set her up in an establishment of her own when she was nineteen. I remembered so very well myself how I'd hated living at home. So I found her a tiny flat and furnished it for her, and paid the rent for a year or two.

Now, of course, she pays it herself. She's quite a moneyed young woman, thanks to my foresight. When she was twelve I had her taught Polish. It's a hideously difficult language, but she had a good teacher and when she was seventeen I sent her to Warsaw for a couple of years.

So many people know French and German and Italian, but a girl who knows Polish is rare and will always command her price. It's a world of experts these days, and I'd been determined, from the time Catharine wore rompers, that she should have some means of earning a decent living. I'd suffered so much myself because I wasn't trained for anything.

She got a Government job when she was twenty. Now she's twenty-

four and her work is considered important enough to keep her from being called up, besides being very well paid.

Over coffee I said: "I suppose Tom's gone back now?"

"Yes. He went on Friday. I think I'd better tell you, Mamma, I'm rather serious about him."

I tried to be calm.

"But, Catharine, he's so young! And he has no prospects!"

She sighed.

"I knew you'd say that."

"And you aren't very old yourself."

"You were married when you were nineteen. You had me when you were twenty."

"Because I married at nineteen," I said. "It's exactly why you shouldn't marry Tom Sandal. It's the thing I've tried to avoid for you all your life."

"But I should be happy with him. I know I should."

"I knew it, too. And look what happened to me."

I had married soon after the last war. Ralph was a schoolmaster. I'd been wildly in love with him and even more wildly anxious to get away from home. I'd never had any fun and my mother had seen to it that I led a suitably sheltered girlhood. There hadn't been much money and we had to "keep up appearances." Ralph had been my way of escape.

Only he wasn't a way of escape at all. I found, but merely another sort of gaoler.

Now, so long afterwards, I can see that it wasn't altogether his fault. Schoolmasters don't make much money; he couldn't help that. Nor could he help the awful prim house we had to live in the awful prim town.

When I was twenty-three I ran away. I couldn't bear it any longer.

I went to London and got my first job with Madam Vivian—matching ribbons.

It sounds dreary, but it wasn't.

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There were cocktails first, and we talked lightly and casually about the news and the weather and so on. Catharine, standing beside Tom, seemed nervous, and she isn't a nervous person. She looked tired, too.

As we sat down to lunch someone mentioned Warsaw.

"Catharine loved being there," I said to Tom. "Didn't you, dear?"

"Yes," she said.

"The only trouble was that it was so far away!" I went on brightly.

"We began to go through long streets that I don't think I'd ever seen in my life before. Then we left those, too, and came to the suburbs. Rows of little houses, all alike except for the color of their curtains. Little plots of garden in front of them. Women carrying shopping baskets. Women pushing perambulators."

"We got off at the next stop," Catharine said.

I was still tongue-tied. I still couldn't think what she had to show me, or what she hoped I'd understand.

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*Catharine, standing beside Tom, seemed nervous, her mother thought.*

"It was always difficult to arrange for her holidays. But she had good holidays, all the same. Winter sports were her favorite, I think, though we had some good cruises."

"I've never been out of England," Tom remarked.

"Except to fly at night over Germany," Catharine said quietly.

"That hardly counts."

Lunch went on. I talked about Catharine most of the time. About her prowess on skis, and her excellent swimming, and her riding.

Once Tom said: "It's hard to remember a world where one had to work so hard to get excitement. Dashing downhill on skis, jumping a horse over stone walls, they seem very minor thrills nowadays."

"Of course, if you look at it like that I suppose they are," I agreed. "But Catharine enjoyed herself very much at the time."

"Catharine is a very happy person," Tom said.

I kept on telling him things that would make him see the sort of girl Catharine was and the sort of background I'd given her. It wasn't the background of a bank clerk's wife.

But I don't know what he saw—or didn't see. And very soon after lunch they took themselves off.

In the weeks that followed I seemed to see very little of Catharine. Tom had been moved—he was stationed not far from London now—and I suspected that they managed to meet quite often. But I was very careful not to question her.

And then, very early one morning, Catharine came round to my flat. She wore a blue cotton frock and she looked very young and absolutely radiant.

"Mamma, are you very busy this morning? Do you have to go to the shop?"

"I suppose I needn't," I said. "Lady Pit is coming for a fitting at two-thirty, and I'll have to be there for that."

"Oh, we'll be back by two-thirty! It isn't far. But I've got a day off from the office and I want you to come and see something with me. I think, if you'll see, you'll understand."

As I drank my coffee I wondered if I should understand, whatever it was.

"We'll go by bus," Catharine said. "It's quicker by tube, but a bus is more fun on a morning like this."

"Perhaps a taxi?" I suggested.

"No, that wouldn't be right."

There was something about her that stilled my tongue. She was quiet and calm but full of purpose. In silence we waited for the bus.

"Two sixpennies," Catharine said.

"A long journey?" I asked her.

"Pretty long," she said brightly.



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# SCORCHED EARTH

By...

J. SOMERVILLE BEST

DICK dreamed that he was in the plane again, with the starboard engine in flames. Again sheer panic sent him plunging overboard. He felt the rush of wind, a nightmare nausea, a deadly fear that his parachute would foul the blazing machine.

His body made violent protest. He woke with his own scream ringing in his ears, his mouth dry, his head one tremendous ache, his heart beating wildly. One hand, flung out in the moment of waking, had its knuckles bleeding from contact with the rough slab wall of the shack. He thought in a dim sort of way that it must be afternoon.

The dream had been extraordinarily vivid. The tang of smoke was in his nostrils; he fancied he could still hear the sound of the wind. Then he knew it was more than fancy. There was a wind soaring; and not only the fumes of last night's drinking smarred his eyes.

He got up quickly, and sat down again just as quickly. A second attempt brought him by easy stages to the door. The smoke came in to meet him in choking clouds. The fire was less than a hundred yards away.

A lifelong terror had him by the throat. He picked himself up and went staggering along the track. He must get out — he must get away.

Plunging through the bush, without thought of what was ahead, he stumbled into the spring and lay there dazed by the shock of the fall and the coldness. When his head cleared a little he got to his feet again and tried to take stock of the situation.

Behind him, and to his right, the main fire was still roaring through the heads of the trees; on his left the new outbreak was rapidly gaining ground. Ahead, as well as he could see for the smoke, the way seemed reasonably clear.

Gradually his quivering nerves were coming under control. He shrank from recalling how he had gone to pieces. Sheer blind panic had mastered him again as it had mastered him that day in the plane, nullifying in one split second all the months of training and discipline. Psycho-analysts had found an explanation. He could find no excuse for himself.

He dashed water over his head and shook the drops from his thick, dark hair. There was no time to waste, but a spirit of bravado made him linger. He'd been stampeded twice, but not again. Very deliberately he began to climb the hill.

The fire seemed to sense his defiance and double its efforts. He began to remember that naturally it would burn more fiercely along the ridge; the walls were like a funnel drawing it up. And he had a long way to go to the top of the ridge. Involuntarily his pace began to quicken.

If this were the end for him, a heroic end to a promising career! Caught sleeping off his debauch and burned to death. He who had been going to do such splendid things. It wasn't death he feared, but the manner of it. Again a sick panic gripped him. He began to run again, to gasp and to sob.

The scrub in front of him leapt into flame.

refreshed. The heat and oppressive stillness had made the night torurous.

"We'll get a westerly to-day, I bet. Ship'll be sorry he didn't take my advice and burn off a firebreak."

"He'll never admit it," Mrs. Tarn said crisply. "In six months he'll be saying he wanted to light back and you other chaps wouldn't let him."

Will grimmed as he pulled on yesterday's sweat-and-smoke-stained shirt.

"You've got Ship's measure all right, haven't you? How diyou reckon he'd react if he was burnt out?"

Betsy twisted her dull hair into a flat knot, disdaining a mirror.

"He couldn't take it. No more than he'll be able to take it when Jenny leaves him for Dick Strange."

"So . . . You think she'll marry Dick in spite of him?"

"Nothing surer. Jenny's a good girl or she wouldn't have stuck to Shipley as long as this. One day she'll wake up and see that Dick needs her more."

"Diyou think he's good enough?"

"Jenny does."

He rubbed his thinning hair with the palm of his hand, a familiar gesture.

"Blest if I know what to think. If the kid's yellow . . ."

The bulk of him filled the doorway where he stood. Her eyes admired him—when he wasn't looking!

"Have you ever felt what it's like to be scared stiff?" she asked.

"I don't think I have."

She nodded. "I did, once. I thought I couldn't go through with something, and if there'd been any way of bailing out—I'd have done it. I suppose I'm yellow, too."

At that instant a faint wind stirred the shrubs in the garden, bringing a thread of sweetness into the house.

"Here she comes," Will said, "and she'll travel, if I know anything about wind. I must hurry."

A few minutes later he was out on the road, a rake and an axe on his shoulder, sandwiches in his pocket. It was getting steadily hotter.

"Thank goodness, there's not much danger of the fire coming to Betsy's garden," he thought. He'd taken all precautions, but travelling at this rate, and Shipley still obstinate, you never knew.

The fire had been sneaking round the gullies for a week, and in the last two days, with the temperature soaring, had come in close enough to menace outlying farms. With every available man turning out to help they had managed to check it, at the road west of Shipley's bush. But the road was narrow, and the bush was dirty. With a westerly blowing it was a hundred to one that a spark would fly and set alight to something.

A judicious lighting back the previous night would have safeguarded both Shipley and his neighbors. But Shipley was obstinate, and would not agree to it being done.

Now the westerly was rising, fanning the red hearts of logs that had smouldered all night, drifting showers of sparks from burning tree-tops.

"You're a goner," Tarn told Shipley bluntly, as he reached a group looking at the smouldering bush. Then turning to the other men he said, "Let's get moving."

Will Tarn woke that morning un-

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"You're just half an hour too late," Dick greeted Jenny and Will Tarn brusquely.

Wynne W  
DAVIES

## Continuing . . .

## Scorched Earth

from page 3

Well, what do you think you're going to do here, Jenny?" Will called as he approached the sty where Jenny had all the pigs herded together.

"I don't know exactly. But I thought someone ought to do something. We don't want roast pork . . . I brought the lorry, just in case. Do you think, if it crossed the road, we ought to get them all away?"

"It will cross the road, nothing surer. And I certainly do think we should get them away. Just as well I came. You couldn't have loaded them yourself."

"I could have got the babies, at least, and turned the big ones loose."

They crowded all but the boar and brood sows into the truck and drove it up to the house, well out along the north road, between cleared paddocks.

Jenny slid down from the driving seat. "Now what?"

Will nodded back in the direction from which they had come.

"We'd better get back there. They're going to need us."

The wind had risen almost to gale force. A dozen fires had sprung up in Shipley's bush. They swung along, side by side, into the heat.

"Where's Dick?" Will asked. "I haven't seen him about for a while."

"He's away in town again." Her tone was flat. He knew what that meant.

"What a pity!" he thought repeatedly. And for this, too, Amos Shipley was partly to blame. Jenny might have made a man of Dick if she'd been given the chance. But with his daughter, as with the rest of his property, Ship was stubborn. His own was his own, and he'd brook no interference.

"Just as well he is away, with this fire about," Will said, and could have kicked himself for a tactless fool.

Her stride faltered. The color mounted in her face.

"Jenny-wren! I didn't mean to sling off . . ."

The old childish name. No one ever called her that now, except Will and Dick. She stood still and faced him, her hands deep down in her pockets, her head up, unashamed of the tears that filled her eyes.

"I know you didn't. But you see, I'm touchy about it. I get it all the time from father—and from Dick. He feels it so dreadfully. And it's not really his fault. It's like a sort of disease."

"I know. I know . . ." he said soothingly.

She nodded. "You and Betsy . . . But father's so unreasonable. First he wouldn't let me marry Dick because he was in the Air Force, and now because he isn't."

"You're twenty-three . . ."

"But he hasn't been well lately. He's been having dizzy turns. And he gets so upset . . . And then there's Pa. Who's going to look after them? It's not as easy as you think."

"I suppose not. Especially when the man can't offer you much security."

"Security? Do you think I care about that? Do you think I haven't any confidence in Dick? Honestly, Will, do you think that's what stops me?"

"Honestly, Jenny, I don't. I think you're just a good kid in a hopeless tangle. I wish there was something I could do to help you. But come on. Let's move."

Shipley came hurrying out as they passed his house.

"Oh, there you are Jenny." He pointed agitatedly. "Look here, Tarn, you'd better get down there and give them a hand. They're going to light and they'll want your help."

Will glanced at Jenny and made off without further comment. The determination to light was rather late, but there was still a chance they might hold it along a line drawn north of Martin's house. An old track there made a natural starting point.

To save time he cut across a corner where the fire had been, circled and came in ahead of the fire to Martin's. Half a score of local men were there, frantically clearing a break round the house.

They dashed buckets of water over the walls of the house. When the laundry caught they recklessly hacked it away from the main building. Mrs. Martin swung her axe with a will.

The fire was swinging round them, east and south.

"By gosh, we've got her licked!" young Bob exulted. "The shed's gone, and the wash-house, and all Mum's ducks, but we can stand that. I wonder how old Shipley's getting on."

"If you think you'll be O.K. without me, I'll go back and see. I'm not worrying about Ship so much as Jenny."

He reached the Shipleys' to find Amos hurling orders at everyone. With a grin, Will left him to join a squad of fire-fighters in one of the far paddocks.

About mid-afternoon he found Jenny beside him, and exclaimed in

concern at the fear-stricken look in her eyes.

"Jenny, what's happened?"

"It's Dick. Pete Mitchell says he came home last night on the bus," she replied, grasping his arm.

Will Tarn looked over her head towards the south-east. That way they'd let the fire have its head, never thinking the shack might have an occupant.

"No, not that," he whispered hoarsely. Then he turned and ran with all speed towards the spot where a utility truck was standing in a patch of bush that had miraculously escaped the fire. He drove it into the road, backed, and turned again. The engine stalled, and he got out to crank it. Through the noise of the fire he heard Jenny calling to him.

"Will—wait for me. Please wait. I want to come." She ran quickly towards him, and jumped into the driver's seat.

Behind her Shipley loomed, gesticulating wildly.

"Where do you think you're going?" he demanded angrily. "Tarn, come back. You're needed here, Jenny! D'you hear me? Get back to the house at once."

For the first time since her childhood Jenny defied him.

"Go back yourself, Father. I'm going to Dick."

She started the truck abruptly, her stricken gaze reflecting her anxiety.

The road turned south. All the gully below and on their right was lost in smoke, except where great gusts of fire spouted out of the tops of the trees. When they came to the track that ran down to the hut they saw that the fire had got there before them. Jenny drew a deep breath.

"If we'd been married," she whispered, "this could never have happened."

To Dick Strange, spent and exhausted by his fears and emotional outbreak, came a sudden realisation. He couldn't run away any longer. Whichever way he turned a hideous death was closing in on him.

With one wild cry he plunged forward, scarcely conscious of the way he dodged through blazing trees. Then, as if by a miracle, he suddenly found himself in a spot that, though charred and smouldering, was reasonably safe.

He made his way slowly up the hill, and came out at the junction opposite Woodcot, Shipley's second and smaller holding. There the gully ran up a narrow neck of bush right to the edge of the road.

THE fire was roaring up like a chimney. He saw that Woodcot was in danger. The house was old and the garden overgrown. In that wind, even the width of the main road would hardly save it, unless there was someone on hand to deal with sparks.

A swift exultation possessed him. Why not? He'd cheated the fire once; he could cheat it again, and this time deliberately. It would be something to hold on to, to redeem his previous unheroic behaviour. It would be something to do, indirectly, for Jenny.

Stories Will Tarn had told him came back to him. He lit a chain of small fires along the roadside, guarding them zealously while they ran back towards the gully.

"Scorched earth, that's the thing," he muttered grimly.

He was too intent now to think of fear or fatigue. Time after time sparks lit in the tangled garden, and time after time he beat them into the earth.

All at once the air had a sudden stillness that was almost uncanny. Then from the south came a little spurt of coolness.

At that moment a truck roared down the road. Dick staggered to it.

"You're just half an hour too late," he said briskly. Then his eyes fell on Jenny, and he caught his breath with a sudden gasp.

"Good heavens! You, Jenny!"

Jenny was staring incredulously first at Dick then at Woodcot, standing practically unharmed, and now quite safe. "Oh, Dick," she cried. "It was you—you saved it!"

He nodded cockily.

Will Tarn smothered an ironic laugh. The one place Amos Shipley had not cared to save, considering the insurance more than the property.

With a brief, "So long, you two," he got out of the truck and hurried off.

Incredibly soon the southerly clouds were piling up. With the dusk there came a scud of misty rain. Will Tarn, tramping homeward, felt the cool tang like a benediction.

Dick Strange was saying good-night to Jenny Shipley.

"So you're quite determined to marry me?"

"Absolutely. As soon as we can." Her voice blurred. "Poor father. He didn't like me leaving him this afternoon, but I had to go. I realised all at once that you had to come first."

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# The Hungry Hippo



"I'm just not hungry!" Miss Hildegarde Withers rejected the menu, her face wearing an unusually unhappy expression.

The inspector, her old-time beau and sometime sparring partner, frowned in bewilderment.

"Here's the reason why," she said. Inspector Oscar Piper found himself staring at the postcard which she had thrust out at him. He noted methodically that it had been mailed the day before yesterday in Islington, N.J. Then he turned it over and looked with some surprise into the gaping maw of a large hippopotamus, beneath which was written in a delicate feminine hand:

"Think of me at dinner time! Out at Zoopark all of us are on half rations! Yours, Alice the Hungry Hippo."

The inspector was not an over-sentimental man. "Forget it," he said. "Looks as if some municipal zoo over in Jersey got your name from a list, and is begging contributions. Eat your supper; you can send them a cheque to-morrow."

She nodded. "Oh, for that matter, I have a pretty good idea of who is behind all this. It's one of my former pupils, a young man named O'Crotty. I must confess that once, in justified exasperation, I told him that he would come to no good. Now that he has proved me wrong by becoming a freelance publicity man, it amuses him to avenge himself by putting me on all his mailing lists."

"O'Crotty, is it?" mused the inspector. "A good Irish name."

"The name may be all right," Miss Withers admitted. "But Peter O'Crotty was the terror of Jefferson school, and I doubt if time has changed him."

At that moment Peter O'Crotty was methodically burgling his way into the offices of Samuel Harkness, director of the Islington Zoopark, who had been his employer up to late yesterday afternoon. It was a difficult and dangerous burglary. Finally he had to break the glass panel of the door, striking matches to see what he was doing.

He started into the office, then found that he had used up his last match. He whispered "Eli!" but there was no answer.

He took a cautious step forward, trying to remember the geography of the outer office. The light switch was on his right, but it would be suicidal to turn it on until he had closed the window and drawn the blinds. He tiptoed forward, banged his hip smartly against the corner of a desk. That would be where the lovely Willa usually presided.

"Confound her!" Peter said tenaciously to himself. If Willa hadn't been so stubbornly loyal to her boss, it wouldn't have been necessary to steal her key so that Eli could get in here.

On the left would be the filing cabinet. Peter edged cautiously by, remembering that the cabinet top was littered with curious and repulsive objects brought home from Africa by old Harkness. Spiny fish, reptilian and animal skulls with needle-sharp teeth, jagged native blades.

Harmless enough in the daytime. But at night—Peter was half-way to the window when it happened. He put his foot down for a moment on something soft and yet firm, which seemed to move under his weight. Through his mind flashed visions of the big anaconda, the harlequin-spotted nightmare that he had had photographed as "Ra the Hungry Boa." He took four quick steps backwards and flicked on the light.

It was worse, much worse, than the snake. He had stepped on the arm of a dead man, his friend, Eli—plump, pleasant little Eli Lester, and it was apparent that Eli had not died an easy death.

Peter bit his lip. He himself had sent Eli here, equipped with the stolen key, a flashlight, pencils, and notebook. The flashlight and pen-

cils lay on the floor. Near by was the notebook, half its pages torn away.

Peter backed slowly out of the room, turned out the light, and closed the door. He was half-way down the hall when he heard fire sirens, and, though he ran for it then, he found his escape cut off at the main gate. A police car arrived in the middle of things, and Peter O'Crotty was turned over to the officers.

It followed, as the night the day, that Miss Withers was routed out of bed by the telegram at 8 o'clock next morning. "Am in a jam. Murder case up your alley. Can you come? Please! Answer care of Islington Gaol. Your favorite pupil, Peter O'C."

Her black umbrella gripped in her hand, Miss Hildegarde Withers swept down upon the city of Islington like a mother bird coming to the rescue of one of her fledglings. She climbed the marble steps of the court-house, saw that the gaol was in the basement, and then headed upstairs for the office of the county sheriff.

A few minutes later she was shaking hands with the sheriff himself, a large, earnest man with a magnificent moustache. He was strangely, wonderfully talkative.

"O'Crotty is going to be indicted, convicted, and burned," he pronounced.

"An open-and-shut case?" she prompted helpfully.

"That's right." The sheriff dumped out his pipe in a bronze baby shoe on his littered desk. "Now, let me give you the details straight. The victim was a guy named Eli O. Lester, a C.P.A. with offices over to Newark. Used to make up income tax reports for O'Crotty's more important clients. . . ."

"Surely that wasn't a motive for murder?"

"Comin' to that. Seems Lester and O'Crotty both got interested in the same girl, a blonde, name of Claribel Smith. Now there must've been a fight between the two men, because there's a witness over in Newark who's prepared to swear that Lester had a couple of black eyes last month. Bad blood there. He must've made trouble, threats probably." The sheriff squinted at her. "You takin' all this down?"

Miss Withers assured him that she had a most excellent memory, and he went on: "Anyway, O'Crotty decides that he has to get rid of Lester. But does he do it the usual way, with a .45? He does not. He gets a better idea, no doubt inspired by the job he is working on—er, rather, from which he just got himself fired from."

"As publicity manager of the zoo's money-raising campaign?"

"Yes, ma'am. You see, things at Zoopark got so bad that a citizens' committee got together and hired O'Crotty to put the place back on the map. Well, O'Crotty lured his victim to the zoo and locks him in with a cobra. . . ."

"As what?"

"A cobra. The coroner found fang marks on the corpse's neck. So O'Crotty left his victim 'dyin' and set fire to the place to cover up his tracks, only the firemen caught him trying to make a getaway."

Miss Withers thought a moment.

"Did you find the cobra?"

The sheriff lowered his voice. "It must've got away in the fracas. Don't play up that angle: we'll have a panic. We've closed the Zoopark to the public until the keepers find the thing."

"And the girl, Miss Claribel Smith? Have you found her?"

"Likewise missing. O'Crotty probably knows where she is, but he doesn't talk." He rose. "Now, if

you want any pictures or anything, just let me know. The name is Pond, Sheriff Bert Pond, P-o-n-d."

Miss Withers started, realising with a happy thrill that she had been mistaken for a newspaper reporter from the big city. As she wrestled with her own conscience, there was the sudden sound of a door slamming in the outer office. They both turned to face an excited, elderly man.

"Well, Mis-ter Harkness!" boomed the sheriff. "What can I do for you? Nothing else wrong is there?"

The old man snarled. "Outrage! Sheer vandalism! That O'Crotty. Never wanted him in the first place. Postcards? Schoolchildren parading to raise pennies! Pinching lion cubs to make them meow over a nation-wide hook-up! Bah!"

The sheriff was saying, "Now, don't worry! O'Crotty is locked up safe and sound—and what a case we've got against him."

"Add this to it, then," cried Harkness, producing a newspaper parcel from which he unwrapped a blackened object. "Here's all that's left of my account books!" Olsen, the head keeper, found this bit of binding in the ashes of the haybarn."

Sheriff Pond nodded. "Malicious mischief, added to the rest."

"More than that. There was considerable money in a cashbox, and that's gone, too. I don't know how much—a thousand, two thousand. My secretary might know."

"Miss Willa Benson?" The sheriff made a note. "I'll see her."

"By the way," put in Miss Withers, "I'd like to ask if you have perfect confidence in the young lady?"

Harkness turned impatiently. "Of course I have! She's been my right

arm ever since I built Zoopark!"

"I only asked," Miss Withers said mildly. "Mr. Harkness, why is Zoopark in financial straits?"

"Why wouldn't it be? Islington has only a population of 30,000, and we don't get any outsiders to pay admission fees—not with gas rationing clearing the tourists off the road."

"Miss Withers is a news reporter from New York," the sheriff put in hastily. "Going to give us a big write-up."

The schoolteacher took her departure as soon as she could, hurried downstairs to the basement, and came to a superannuated policeman. She got no farther.

"You can't see the prisoner," he insisted. "Not nowhow." She started to turn away, then noticed that she was not the only caller.

"Told you before, and I tell you again," insisted the guardian of the gates. "You can't get it, Miss Benson, and that's all there is to it."

On an impulse Miss Withers hurried after the girl.

Half an hour later, over tea and cinnamon toast, Miss Withers was talking while Willa listened.

"We'll start with the premise that Peter could never kill anyone," Miss Withers said. "And if he did, it wouldn't be with any such bizarre method as thrusting a snake on him. How about the possibility that it was all an accident?"

Willa thought not. Fires didn't start by accident, nor money and account books disappear.

"What about the financial condition of the zoo? Could that be Harkness' fault?"

"Mr. Harkness is the finest man I have ever known," Willa declared. "If you're suggesting—"

"I was, but skip it. How about other employees? Any grudges?"

Willa shook her head. "Not a chance. He's wonderful to us all."

Miss Withers nodded vaguely.

"Miss Benson, one thing is clear to me. The key to this entire mystery lies in the reason why Eli Lester was in the Zoopark offices last night. As a certified public accountant, he must have been secretly going over the books. Do you suppose that, without saying anything to Mr. Harkness, you could make me up a list, approximate figures, of the entire income enjoyed by Zoopark for the last 12 months?"

The girl hesitated, then nodded. "I'll make up your list today."

"You're planning on marrying Peter, aren't you?"

"If Peter gets cleared—and if he asks me," she said shyly.

After the girl had headed back towards the office, Miss Withers sat for a while, buried in thought. Something, she felt sure, had been missing while a prosperous Zoopark dry.

The place to investigate that angle was Zoopark itself. Here was another snag . . . the place was now closed to the public. There was nothing for it but to make use of her entirely spurious membership in the newspaper world, and a phone call to the court-house passed her through. "But watch where you step, lady," the policeman warned her. "There's a snake loose around here."

She went on, pausing briefly beside the swimming pool, where a rotund hippo splashed. That would, she thought, be Alice the Hungry Hippo.

Neither Alice nor the tigers on the hillside beyond looked especially hungry. A little way farther along, two policemen overtook her.

"Sheriff's orders!" she was told, and with a heavy hand on either arm she was whisked back to town.

"Same thing again," grunted the sheriff, kneeling down beside the dead man.

and hustled up the steps into the office of Sheriff Bert Pond. On the way she wondered just what the penalty might be for impersonating a newspaper reporter.

Surprisingly enough the sheriff welcomed her with open arms. "Well!" he greeted her. "Am I glad to see you! Did you send in that story yet to your paper?" He sighed. "Because if you did, we're both in a fix."

She told him, honestly enough, that she hadn't. "Well!" he said. "Something came up—" and he handed her a copy of a Newark evening newspaper, on the front page of which was a copy of a letter which police had found in Eli Lester's apartment. It was obviously the summons which had brought the little G.P.A. to Islington—and to his doom.

"Dear Butch," it began. "Do me a favor and get over here as soon as you can. I've run into something that requires a man in your line."

"If Peter gets cleared—and if he asks me," she said shyly.

After the girl had headed back towards the office, Miss Withers sat for a while, buried in thought. Something, she felt sure, had been missing while a prosperous Zoopark dry.

The place to investigate that angle was Zoopark itself. Here was another snag . . . the place was now closed to the public. There was nothing for it but to make use of her entirely spurious membership in the newspaper world, and a phone call to the court-house passed her through. "But watch where you step, lady," the policeman warned her. "There's a snake loose around here."

"You see," Sheriff Pond admitted, "that busts up my case. No motive. O'Crotty wouldn't have put in that postscript if they'd fought over the girl. Besides, the coroner has made up his mind. O'Crotty couldn't have made a snake bite anybody in the back of the neck, where Lester was bitten."

Miss Withers said quickly, "So you're going to release him?"

"I did. Half an hour ago. Why do you know something? Is he guilty, after all?"

"I was only thinking," said Miss Withers, "that two murders are better than one from the murderer's point of view." She cocked her head sideways and continued innocently: "If you're not doing anything, how about paying a little call with me at the residence of Dr. Harkness?"

Please turn to page 20

# PROTECTION



5/753

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THIS MORNING?**

# THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

Concluding instalment of our fascinating romantic serial

**P**AMELA sat rigid, staring fixedly at the door which Alec had slammed behind him as he walked out. There was no way for her to turn now—no one to whom she could turn after what Alec had said of Jerome Hayes and herself. She remembered that she had promised to dine with Jerome again to-night.

Dinner was an excuse to see Pamela, and Hayes knew it. It was a reason to be with her, a chance to see her again. She had to eat, he would tell her, and he wanted to be on hand to see that she drank her milk. The milk was a joke between them.

At first his reasons for a meeting with Pamela had been careful almost to laboriousness, when he was trying to keep himself convinced that each encounter was necessary to some phase of his work or to her progress in her job. He deceived himself less now, especially since that night when, on her return from England, she had seemed less a vivid modern girl to be admired than a tired one who needed comfort and protection.

It was easier for him to be frank with himself, too, because Pam had told him that Kip Galloway was out of the picture. The reasons for dining with her when he could were now less reasons than excuses, kept ready at hand in case his conduct should be questioned.

He was growing impatient, even with the excuses. They were in his way, and Jerome Hayes was used to dealing vigorously with things that impeded him, brushing them aside, disposing of them with discretion and justice, but always as soon as he could.

These meetings with Pamela Neill were becoming more important to him every day. The last one always clung closely to his mind, and the next one was an exciting anticipation. He stored up things to tell Pamela, remembered her comments, recalled how she looked when she had said them, wanted to hear her laugh again, wondered what she thought of him.

Last week he had gone back to his home in Portchapel for a few days and he had thought of her incessantly, especially after Julia had forced the issue.

Hayes hadn't meant to allow that. He had intended that, whatever happened, Julia must be let down easily. He had thought that perhaps they could talk things over, and if they were growing apart, Julia might see that the sensible thing was for him to go his way and let her go hers. With that settled, and Julia handsomely provided for, he could come back to Pamela and his job.

That half-plan, that dream of easy adjustment had faded. It had faded against the vivid ugliness of his last talk with Julia; against the picture of her standing in his dressing-room and telling him that she would never let him go.

She wasn't easy to forget. He could see her still, wearing that long, soft lace negligee that was so unsuitable a costume for a tense and bitter woman, whose mouth was straight and cruel and whose eyes were bright with anger and revenge.

She had said, "Don't think for a minute that I'd divorce you, Jerome. I'd never give you—or her—that satisfaction."

"I haven't asked you to divorce me," he had told her.

"Not yet, but I'm not a fool. I know where all this is leading. I've known ever since I met that girl in New York. Ever since you had the insensitivity to introduce her to me. I should have walked out of that room then! I knew when I laid eyes on her what she was."

"Hold on, Julia—don't say things you're going to be sorry for."

"I won't be sorry for anything I say. I've stood for a good many things—"

"I don't know what they are."

"I've lived alone while you've been running round the country, and probably taking that girl along with you—"

"Come," he said sharply, "there's a limit, Julia. If you are speaking of Pamela Neill, I've met her a few times on business in New York, and that's all."

"Business," she mocked. "I summed that girl up the first time I saw her. She's after men."

"I don't intend to discuss her. But you're wrong, completely. She's a hard-working, patriotic girl."

"Why didn't she marry that aviator if she really was engaged to him? Or why didn't he marry her, more likely?"

"That's entirely her business."

"Well, when is she going to get married?"

"I just told you I don't know." But his thought had faltered a little and Julia caught it in his inflection.

"You know she isn't going to marry that filer at all."

"That's between them."

"Maybe," said Julia cynically, "or maybe she thought he was the best she could do until you came along."

"You have no right to talk that way."

"Then what right have you

to come out here and talk to me the way you did to-night? You think I don't know what a man means when he says to his wife that they are growing apart? It means that he's crazy about someone else."

"I'm not crazy about anyone. I was only trying to talk reasonably about the future. You like one kind of thing, this sort of life here, and I like another. That being so, it occurred to me that maybe we might both be happier if we faced the situation calmly."

"You used to be happy enough here."

"People change," he answered doggedly.

"You wanted to marry me. You wanted this house. You were the one who insisted on building it."

"I know—of course I did. At the time."

"You told me a hundred times that you were in love with me, that it wasn't the money—"

"I told the truth!" he exclaimed. "I never was after your money—"

No, when he had asked Julia to marry him he had wanted her to believe that. He had thought of her as the chief treasure he was seeking, the pretty girl who was so sensitive, so easily hurt that a man had to be careful with her. She was so shy and yet so proud that she had made him tender and yet added to his dignity.

A memory of all that beset him now, but it was not credible with her anger-ridden face in front of him, with her voice berating him.

"You loved me then," she cried furiously, "but now after eighteen years, after spoiling my whole life, you want to be rid of me. So that you can marry somebody younger. You talk about being interested in other things! Do you suppose I don't see through that kind of talk? It's that girl who's poisoned you so that you don't care any more about your home or your wife."



"Should I leave now?" asked Kip, a sudden smile breaking through his astonishment.

"You're talking nonsense, Julia." "Am I?" Her voice changed, and so did her face. "Then, Jerry, do this for me. Don't see that Neill girl again. I'm sorry for what I said just now, but promise me that one thing. Just not to see her again."

She was pleading now, and as she reached out a hand toward him he drew instinctively back. "That's absurd. I couldn't promise any such thing. There are things I have to talk over with Pamela Neill."

"Let someone else talk them over with her. I'm asking you, Will, you do that for me, for your wife?"

He wasn't a liar. For one second he wondered if that was the answer, if that was what he ought to do since Julia felt like this, and was sure to make trouble if she could. And she was his wife. Perhaps he shouldn't see Pam again.

But at the thought of that denial, a feeling flared in him that he hadn't known was so ready to light up. He wanted to see Pamela and to get away from this. He wasn't going to give up what little he had, the best he had, the sight of Pamela's

a lovely new person who would take him into a new world.

Just as soon as he could, after he had got his work in hand, maybe on that first night he was back in New York, he was going to try to see Pamela. They would talk things over frankly, the way a man could with a girl like Pam.

He was in her confidence about young Galloway. She had told him about that break and therefore he could be frank about the situation with Julia. He would tell Pamela that he and Julia had nothing in common any more. He would tell her, too, that it was only since he had known Pam he had realised that he had no partner, no love, no mate, that he was a lonely man.

If she had begun to care for him—and why had she broken with Galloway?—why shouldn't they go on together?

People overlooked a lot of things. Even if Julia didn't divorce him, even if, when all was said and done, she did have a technical right to the name of wife, he could make Pamela

happy. And he would do everything for her. Perhaps Julia would change her mind after a while and give him his freedom. The hope bounced back against the memory of Julia. He knew better than that.

But there was no reason for emphasising Julia's stubbornness when he talked to Pamela, nor for making her feel that the situation might not change.

All these things were in Jerome's mind as he went to meet Pamela in one of the restaurants where they could be quiet and might not be noticed.

As usual he had set up a reason for their dinner together. It was in his pocket, an advance copy of a speech to be made by a member of the Cabinet on womanpower. He had told Pamela on the telephone

that she should see it, and also that he wanted to talk over some other matters with her.

When she came into the restaurant, keeping him waiting less than five minutes, he did not know how close she had been to breaking this engagement to-night. But she didn't look hesitant. She was smiling, and her head was high.

"You certainly look as if things were going your way," he told her.

"Well, why not? Maybe that will make them come."

"It's the milk that's making you look so fine."

"It's good company," she said.

"I wonder," he asked after dinner was ordered and the cocktails came along before the milk, "if you feel that I'm taking too much of your time."

"I don't know anyone who has a better right to my time," Pam told him.

"But I don't want it as a right."

"Then as a gift. Only it's not worth much," she said.

"You don't know how much."

"Did you bring along that talk?" she asked.

"Here it is. Want to look at it now?"

"Please."

He gave her the manuscript and she began to read it, trying not only to see the page, but to have it make sense. Alec had spoiled this for her. He had made her feel rotten, like an adventuress. He had no right to do it. Alec, with his Jinx! Was that what he had been going to tell her, that he was going to marry Jinx?

Hayes waited, watching her as she read.

"You can skim through it easily," he said.

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By MARGARET C. BANNING

face, the sound of her voice, the rush of delight in everything that she brought with her presence. Julia had no right to demand such a thing.

"Let's drop this nonsense," he said.

"You haven't answered me, Jerry." His wife clutched his sleeve now. "I'm just asking you to do one little thing for me."

"I won't make any such absurd promise," he told her curtly. "It doesn't make sense."

At that rebuff, Julia had become venomous again. She had dived into a fit of hysterics and come out into icy bitterness that was almost worse.

He had discounted a lot of what she said. He had seen Julia in tempers before, seen her jealous before. Her angry talk humiliated him and infuriated him. But none of that mattered very much except that one statement, "I'll never divorce you, Jerome."

He was pretty sure that she meant that, fairly well convinced that she would stand on that one fact, if none other. They had parted on a formally civil note, with hostility in the overture, and he had never been more glad to be on a train pulling out of the station.

Julia had come to see him off. Because, Jerome thought cynically, of what the servants would think if she didn't come to say good-bye according to custom. She had even kissed him, adding the seal of possession to her farewell.

But he was deeply angry. He wasn't going to stand this. He wasn't going to let Julia tell him to whom he could speak, and to whom he could not.

The train gathered speed and seemed to rush away from her, from the quarrel, even from his anger. He was going back to New York, back to his work, away from this ugly argument. He would see Pamela in not so many hours. She wouldn't argue or scold. She was reasonable. And exciting. She was beautiful.

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# IN ITALY NOW...N.Z. soldier's moving story



ONCE PEACEFUL HOMES, reduced to ruins and rubble as war sweeps over the cities and countryside of unhappy Italy.

## Civilians pay dearly for their country's Fascist gamble

From a New Zealand soldier with the Eighth Army in Italy comes this vivid story of the impact of Nazi occupation on civilian population in Italy.

"There was something clean and manly in desert warfare... Here it is a filthy business," he writes, as he tells of the ragged, hopeless Italian population whom Fascist leadership first demoralised and then abandoned.

By SGT. R. JONES, N.Z.E.F.

I HAD looked forward keenly to a European country after three years' wandering up and down the Levant, and along the North African seaboard.

But Italy! Poor, unhappy Italy, with neither grace nor pride—hungry, discouraged, and with hate in the people's eyes and their hearts! Whether they direct it most at Fascist or Nazis it's hard to say, but they seem glad enough to see us.

They have been carefully tutored, at any rate, and the half-naked, brown-skinned bambinos chant "Adieu" as enthusiastically as do the adults.

In spite of everything, I can't conjure up any feeling but pity for them.

The country has paid an appalling price for its gamble, and it is down now for many years.

There do not seem to be even the ingredients of a come-back among the ragged, grey-green clad soldiers, and the unhappy women who stand and gaze from great, watery-like eyes.

### Total war

There was something clean and manly about desert warfare. Armies hurt no one but themselves, and the desert just laughed at barrages and bombing alike.

But here it is a filthy business—total warfare with the whole country paying for it!

The eyes of children get me here. They have faced things that small eyes should never see, tiny ears should never hear, and it's all in the solemn glance of their lovely brown eyes!

In a little coastal town I gave a thumb-sucking mite who clung to her girl mother's skirt a handful of lire the other day.

She didn't look at the money, but her eyes seemed to plead: "Don't take it back!"

And then the mother, with a child in arms and another obviously in prospect, became volatile and tearful, and I fled!

But it was too late—I was followed up a cobbled street by a score, and by the time I joined the other followers the Pied Piper had nothing on me!

But money seems of little use to anyone—shops are just shells lined with empty cupboards and showcases, and the staple diet seems to be shellfish and cabbage and whatever else can be won from a pretty hungry soil.

The Master Race took everything



TINY ITALIAN GIRL is befriended by a Canadian soldier during the Allied advance in Italy. —Photo from U.S. Office of War Information.

consorts oddly with army rations that have been brought all the way with 'em.

The sheep bells in the groves are hardly real in their tinkle, and there's something exquisitely lascivious about the little Italian boys who tend them, and bring them home to the fold every night.

I took wine in an Italian cafe the other day, and because of the old man's importance remained until his daughter came home because she spoke English.

She had been an Italian governess in Vienna and Salzburg, and now sells shellfish which her three young brothers drag from the sea.

I thought the Italians had lost all their pride, but had to doubt it when I discovered that her old father's whole object had been to have it explained to me that we had not come to the real Italy, only to a husk that Mussolini had, and then the Nazis, had plundered and flung aside.

She told me how pellagra, a disease of malnutrition, had swept through the cities of the plains for years now.

The children show it, and the women, too.

There was something brutally naive about the way she explained that the girls ravished by Germans were so weak that pregnancy was inevitable (is that medically sound?) and that people now knew venereal disease who had never heard of it before, and yet Italy has suffered less than the other countries!

### Burning village

I STOOD one night and watched more guns than I can mention belching flame and destruction into the pitch black night.

It was weirdly wondrous and magnificent, but it was still frightening despite their being our own guns. I have never seen a sky like it or a landscape so marvellously etched in the continual flashes.

No wonder the prisoners who passed through us on the way back next morning looked dazed and shocked.

Most of them were kids, and besides being shabbily, shoddily



SGT. RON JONES, of N.Z.E.F. Born in Australia, he was a journalist before enlisting four years ago. He has a wife and two small sons, in Dunedin, N.Z.

clothed and shockingly shod, they were as hungry as hell.

I have seen refugees hanging on till the last dread moment and then trailing down the road to God knows where, barefooted, bare-headed women and underfed children, old men who seem to have lost everything on earth but the fear that looks out of their eyes.

This is war as the Australians saw it in Greece and Crete, and war as the whole of Europe will probably know it before the end comes.

There is a burning village outlined against the sky that can be seen now because the light is falling over in the east.

It burns with a slow sullenness as if the flames doubted their right to consume what has been flung to them for food by the retreating enemy.

We patrolled up to its rough stone walls the other day.

It was a poor-looking thing—humble and harmless, tactical value nil, I should say, and I cannot imagine anyone getting any satisfaction out of burning it, but there is so much of Italy going the same way just now, and I suppose one more little group of houses does not matter much.

I took a hurried glimpse inside the Church of Santa Theresa, not far from here, a few days ago. Inside, an exquisite little thing in a starched blue smock with wavy brown hair covering her eyes so that it was just possible to see they were brown, made me think of the daughter I might have had.

She pointed at me with her little finger when she saw me, and I was given the sort of smile that makes me realise more than ever that wars should be fought in the deserts, or on a mountain top, or, best of all, at the bottom of the sea.



AFTERMATH OF BATTLE. Allied soldiers in a city square through which opposing forces have fought in the battle for Italy. Although the buildings are comparatively unscathed, fallen soldiers still lie among a litter of abandoned equipment on the roadway.

# Editorial

FEBRUARY 19, 1944

## SCHOLARSHIP FUND

AUSTRALIAN women are showing warm approval of the establishment of the Gowrie Scholarship Trust Fund in appreciation of the services of Lord and Lady Gowrie.

First they are glad that a means has been found to express the affection felt here for the Vice-Regal couple.

*Lord Gowrie has held office in Australia for sixteen years, as Governor of South Australia and of New South Wales, and since 1936 as Governor-General.*

Thousands of women have had personal contact with the Governor-General or his wife and know well the ready interest, sympathy, and practical support they have always given to worthy causes.

As well, women, with their sense of practical values, are specially pleased at the form this tribute is to take.

*Scholarships under the fund will be for the benefit of members of the Australian fighting Services and their dependents, and will be available in all States.*

Some of these scholarships will be named after Lord and Lady Gowrie's son, Patrick Horner-Ruthven, who was killed in action, and others after heroic dead of the Australian Forces.

This is a memorial which will keep alive the name and the memory of fine people for many years in a way no plaque or column of stone could do.

*It might well establish a lead to the form which memorials of this war should take.*

Let them serve the living as such scholarship funds, as hospital wards, as homes for children, the sick, or the aged.

We will need no other reminders of the men and the courage they will perpetuate.

—THE EDITOR.

# Bomber gets home after collision

When approaching the target in an attack on Hanover, an R.A.F. bomber was struck by what is believed to have been an enemy fighter.

Although the bomb-aimer's compartment was torn away and the engines damaged, the bomber completed its mission and returned to a home base.

The pilot, P/O. A. B. Simpson, and navigator, W/O. Ray Watts, were both awarded the D.F.C. P/O. Simpson tells the story of the flight in a letter to Miss Carol Burton, of Wollahra, N.S.W.

**H**AVE been in hospital, but I am pleased to report that I am well on the mend, and should not be long before I am out of this place," he writes.

"We went over on the Friday to do Hanover again. Somehow or another I had a premonition that we would strike trouble, but come through O.K. Sure enough it happened.

"I had just made my last turn to do a run on the target when out of the blue came a Jerry fighter and the next thing was a collision.

"I thought we had had it for a moment. He hit us fair on the nose.

"I had a quick look round, and everything seemed to be doing well—still had four props, and that was the main thing.

"As you could imagine, the draught was rather severe, and everything was blown down to the back of the kite.

"We got back after a lot of difficulty, and with no navigation equipment, the wind just tore it to shreds. With very little petrol left we sighted a drome, so I put her down.

"I was very pleased to be back on mother earth again, believe me. We had been at 20,000ft. all the time, the temperature was 23deg. C. so it was very cold.

"Kay and I looked as though we were in for a decent bout of frostbite, but owing to good attention early complications, if any, were overcome.

"All the crew were a bit shaken, so we spent the night in hospital on the camp.

"The following day Ray and I were transferred to another hospital, where we still are.

"They had us in bed for a week, with both hands bandaged and my right hand hung up in the air.

"I have now been up two days and am O.K. so far as my health is concerned. My fingers are not 100 per cent; still, they will be right in about another couple of weeks."

**Cpl. Jones, in New Guinea, to his mother in Brisbane:**

"THIS morning we had a real treat. We saw and heard the first two Australian women to come to Lae.

"In the hospital area nearby a stage had been built, and by 10.30 there were crowds there.

"An A.F.C. concert party gave the first half of the programme—very good it was, too.

"Strelia Wilson, Lettie Keyes, and Edwin Sykes filled the second half.

"Strelia Wilson just won the boys' hearts with her charming manner, and her singing, and the applause was tremendous.

"She sang about ten numbers and—believe me—she sang.

"The boys clapped and clapped, and at the end cheered heartily.

"You should have heard her sing 'I'll See You Again'—it brought a lump to my throat. Through it she seemed to send a message out to every fellow there.

"I don't think people at home can

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

**T**HE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will entertain and comfort the relatives of other soldiers and sailors.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10s. or 5s. in paid.



PRISONERS OF WAR in Germany doing forestry work. Left to right: Back row—Reg Dixon, A. Atkinson, A. Arbuckle, Alan Horton, W. Foden, Jack John. Front row—Jack Slack, Alex Lomie, Doug Lyons, Rod McFarlane, Dick Murray, Charlie Cowley, Ron Newton. Photo sent by Mrs. J. J. Lone, Rubicon, Victoria.

realise just what such a visit means to the lads up there.

"Besides the excellent quality of the whole programme many of us have not seen women for many, many months, and their coming so far to give us a bit of entertainment just warms our hearts."

**LAC R. G. Kelton, in Canada, to his sister, Mrs. S. Duntas, Walters St., North Adelaide, S.A.:**

"WE went to a gala skating carnival at Calgary, and we sure had a good time.

"One of the comedy highlights was the race between a group of New Zealand and Australian airmen, who, obviously, had never been on skates before.

"They slipped, fell, crawled, piled up, bumped, and thumped the entire length of the rink, and back to the starting point.

"Grand finale was Salute to Victory in which the nurses marched on the ice and formed a circle around a huge white 'V.'

"As the Wireless School band played, the nurses formed a great Union Jack with pennants radiating from the centre of the 'V.' and LAC Vic Edwards, of the R.A.A.F., sang 'Land of Hope and Glory.'

"Believe me, it was a grand show."

**O.D. Don Closs, R.A.N., to his mother in Olinda, Vic.:**

"ON Saturday afternoon the 'horses'—hermit crabs—paraded in the paddock, which was a tin of moist sand.

"Owners purchased their 'horses' for the sum of 1/-.

"The bootie was the sick-berth



SPRING CLEANING in the North. Blankets hung out to air on a sunny day. Photo sent by John Tesoriero (centre) to his sister, Miss A. Tesoriero, Homebush, N.S.W.

attendant, and he shouted the odds.

"Various names—Slops, 'Tiddly Jack,' 'The Jimmy'—were given.

"With the cry 'They're off!' a roar went up from the ship's company, a roar that would have made a football crowd envious.

"Howls of protest came when 'Slops' packed up early and 'The Jimmy' turned round and went the other way, but 'Tiddly Jack' romped home.

"Pandemonium reigned when it was found that the bootie had absconded with the money. However, he was hunted up in the crow's nest, and we were then ready for the 'Shellback Handicap.'

"The day concludes, and we go below and write home and say 'We've been to the races, Mum, and lost ten bob,' and parents will be mystified as to how we can get racehorses on a corvette."

## Another 2000 books needed for C.C.C.

Another appeal for books, magazines, and indoor games is being made by the Allied Works Council for members of the Civil Constructional Corps.

Recently, after a six weeks' appeal, the A.W.C. welfare committee was able to send away 3000 books and several thousand magazines. The committee is appealing for another 2000 books and magazines.

**T**HERE are approximately 40,000 men working in isolated camps," said a welfare officer: "Most of them are men between 40 and 50, who are accustomed to spending the evenings in their own homes with their families.

"In the camps where they are working now there are no picture theatres or other means of recreation.

"Unless we can supply them with books or indoor games they have

nothing whatever to do in the evenings.

"The books, games, and magazines we received in response to our first appeal have all been sent away to Central Australia, the far North, and Thursday Island.

"But there are still other camps we have not yet been able to provide with reading matter.

"The use the books have been given is sufficient testimony to bear out the spoken thanks of the men," writes a personnel officer in Thursday Island.

If you can spare any books or up-to-date magazines, they should be taken or sent to the Allied Works Council offices in your nearest capital city.

Addresses of A.W.C. offices are as follows:—

**N.S.W.:** Room 301, Third Floor, Richard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

**Victoria:** Room 2, Third Floor, Queensland National Bank Buildings, 281 Collins Street, Melbourne.

**South Australia:** C.C.C. Bureau, Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

**Queensland:** 71 to 77 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.

**Western Australia:** 381 Murray Street, Perth.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

## Colorful Eastern legends

Eastern Caravan, a new series of quarter-hour dramatisations heard from 2GB on Fridays at 7.15 p.m., features legends of the Orient.

Fascinating tales have been translated from varied sources, and considerable research has been made to give authentic presentations.

THE stories range in background from China, through the mysterious land of Tibet, the temples of Persia, the deserts of Arabia, and the past grandeur of Egypt.

The next story in the series is "The Princess Buldhura," an Indian legend. It is the tale of a Royal Sovereign who gambled his all—his kingdom and his wife—on the throw of a die, and lost.

This will be followed by "The Origin of Small Feet," a Chinese legend written round an Empress of China, who was responsible for setting the fashion for bound feet for Chinese women. Previously it was the custom for Chinese women to have large feet, which were considered a sign of beauty.

"Prince Charming" is the story of the Princess Lahini, and the Egyptian Prince who discovered a strange power enabling him to restore life.

"Lo Sun, the Blind Boy" is the pathetic tale of a 13-year-old boy who was banished from home by an unsympathetic parent because of his affliction. Lo Sun and his dog were compelled to beg in the street, but his good deeds were many, and eventually he regained his sight.

## FILM GUIDE

\*\*\* Mission to Moscow. Encompassing the tense years of crisis that began in 1936, Warners' have done an impressive job of bringing Ambassador Davies' best-seller to the screen. The cast, selected with minute care, is superbly headed by Walter Huston and Ann Harding, as the far-sighted ambassador and his gracious wife. Tatler: showing.

\*\* Flying Tigers. An overlong but timely melodrama which revolves round the exploits of American fliers in China. John Wayne, John Carroll, and Anna Lee make an attractive starring trio, and, considering their static roles, turn in impressive performances. State: showing.

\* What's Buzzin', Cousin? In spite of the inane title, this is a spirited little musical. Ann Miller provides some snappy tap-dancing. Freddy Martin's orchestra neatly handles the music, and Rochester supplies the comedy. Clivie: showing.

\* Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case. Capable cast, but the effort of keeping up this series is beginning to show signs of strain. Lionel Barrymore, Van Johnson, and Donna Reed do well in familiar roles. Capitol and Cameo: showing.

## Air Force setting in our new serial

IN our issue next week we begin an exciting mystery serial, "Wings To Beat," by Australian author Frank Nunn, which was selected from entries in our £1000 novel competition.

Set on an Australian Air Force training station, the story is filled with action and surprises, side by side with a fascinating romance.

These coupled with its background of Air Force life are going to make it an instant and highly popular success with readers.

# Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in danger of losing

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, because

SHARPY: Wrestling manager, has tricked Lothar into signing a contract, and has arranged a fight with Killer, whom he bribes to lose the match. Killer secretly

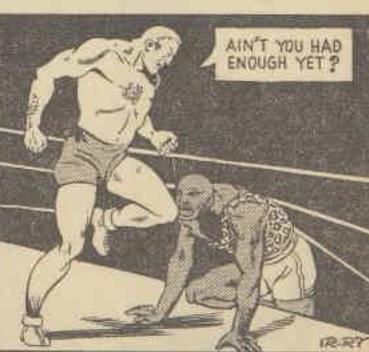
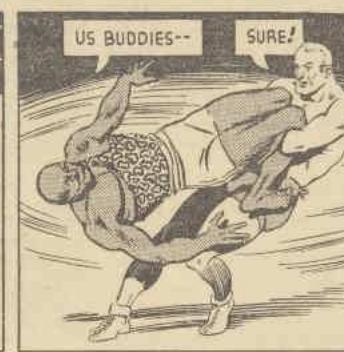
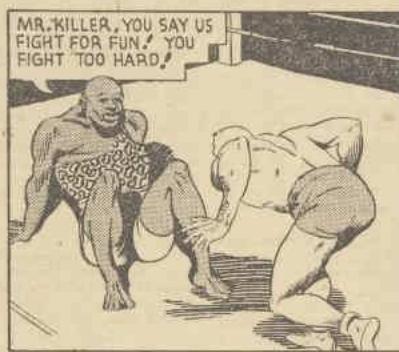
determines to win, and gives presents to Lothar, who fights only when angered. The fight opens with Lothar kissing his opponent, and, as the referee is about to disqualify both wrestlers, Killer begins to manhandle Lothar.

NOW READ ON:



OH, MANDRAKE,  
WHY DOESN'T  
LOTHAR DO  
SOMETHING?

HE'S GETTING WRESTLING  
LESSONS, NARDA, BUT  
KILLER DOESN'T REALIZE  
HOW QUICKLY  
LOTHAR CAN  
LEARN!



TO BE CONTINUED

# HOW VULTEE VENGEANCE CREWS ARE

Veterans of combat teach them technique of dive-bombing strikes and Army support

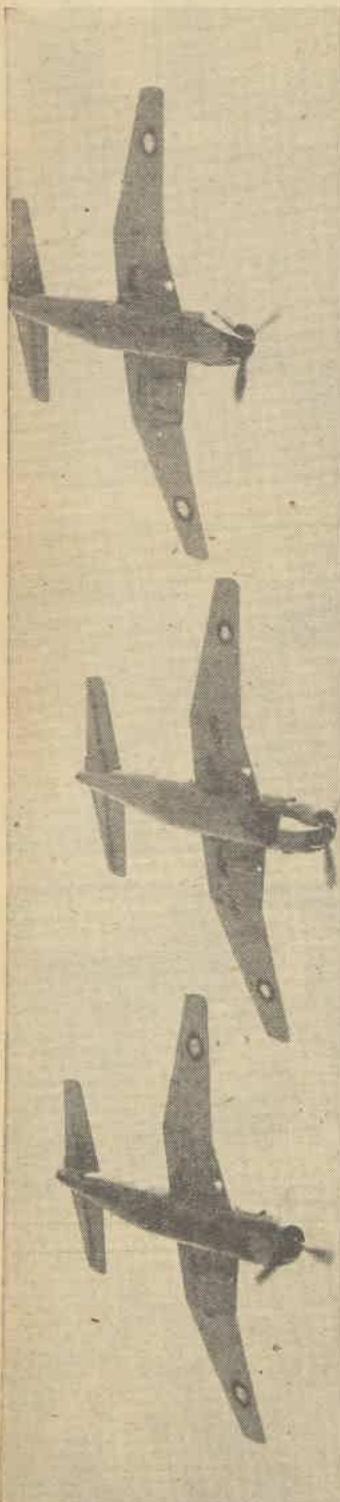
By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Vultee Vengeance dive-bombers have been giving heartening air support with strafing and dive-bombing attacks to the A.I.F. in its advance through the Ramu Valley.

Most of the Vultee Vengeance crews trained at a dive-bombing school I visited recently.

Though hundreds of miles away from operational areas, it seemed very close to the war.

Ninety per cent. of its instructors have been in action, and regularly go away to operational areas to keep their knowledge and skill up to date, and many of its trainees have already had considerable flying experience.



VULTEE VENGEANCE dive-bombers being flown in line-ahead formation by three of the instructors.

**H**EFTINESS, aggressiveness, and common sense—these are the main qualifications of the dive-bomber pilot, according to the C.O.

When the Vultee Vengeance dive-bomber was built it was tested by an R.A.F. pilot who was six feet four, and as a consequence the dive-bomber has a large cockpit. "This, added to the fact that when he goes into a dive the pilot must use the controls violently, is the reason why he must be a big chap," the C.O. explained.

"He needs an aggressive temperament because when he dives on his selected target he is virtually directing himself at his target.

"He needs common sense because he must work to a pre-arranged plan and be able to think calmly if anything happens to interfere with that plan."

While the C.O. was talking, the concrete floor of the hangar throbbed with the roar of aircraft warming up out on the tarmac.

Trainees had just completed a month's training in Wirraways, and to-day were beginning the second half of their course in Vultee Vengeances.

The Vultee Vengeance looks like the hunter of the skies after which it is named.

Its wedge-shaped wings look like those of the bird of prey, and the heavy guards on its two front wheels look like the tufts of feathers round the bird's powerful claws.

The dive is an all-absorbing topic to both instructors and trainees, and they describe with an enthusiasm

ast's patience the intricacies of the dive-bombing art.

This is what actually happens in a dive.

At a height of thousands of feet the left wing is lowered, and the plane turns over on its back. It then dives vertically at 300 miles an hour head on to the target, releases its bombs, and pulls out of the dive.

It was "a perfect dive-bomber day" for the dive-bombing demonstration staged for us by the C.O. and five instructors—a blue sky with small banks of thick white cloud and a slight breeze blowing across the sandy plains.

They flew in lovely formations thousands of feet away in the sky, then came in to "dive-bomb" the hangar we were in.

Dive-bombing at this school has been going on nearly every day for more than a year, but the demonstration brought out the ground staff, the trainees, and the small black station dog to watch.

One after the other the aircraft, with their brakes like toast-racks sticking out from their wings, swooped down over us with a tearing, ear-splitting sound, while the watchers made highly technical comments.

Dive-bombing practice occupies as much as five hours a day, and trainees drop an average of 100 bombs each during the course.

When not flying, the trainees, besides attending lectures on flying tactics, technical knowledge, communications, and how to live on the country if forced down, study voice production lectures were instituted for both pilots and navigators to improve reception over the radio-telephone.

In their first month's training, pilots and navigators choose their pairs by mutual arrangement.

## Remain as pairs

**E**ACH pair do their training as a crew, and remain together through operational tours and postings to squadrons.

"If they are to get good results the pilot and navigator—who is navigator, gunner, and radio man—must be good friends and understand each other," one of the instructors said.

"If one of them knows that the other is bit low in spirits because he hasn't heard from his girl friend he will be sympathetic instead of

impatient, and their team spirit won't be weakened.

"They may be in many tough spots together later on, and it will be a big advantage if they have perfect confidence in each other."

If these Vultee Vengeance boys are as aggressive as they are reticent, they must fulfil the C.O.'s specifications perfectly.

They don't like talking about themselves, and it is only with the help of their comrades that one can prise any information out of them about what they themselves have done in operational areas.

Temporary C.O. of the school is good-looking Squadron-Leader Russell Bell, who qualifies very well for his own definition of what a dive-bomber pilot should be.

Stationed at Kuantan when the Japanese first attacked, he took part in the first strikes against the enemy, was later C.O. of an R.A.F. unit in Sumatra.

On his return to Australia he was with an operational squadron, and then went to New Guinea with a Boston bomber squadron. Later he became chief flying instructor at the training unit.

## Original members

**A**MONG the instructors are five "Vultures." This is the name given to original members of the unit.

They are Squadron-Leaders Doug Johnstone, Dick Wallace, D. M. McKay, Flight-Lieutenants Keith Gulliver and Pat Scandrett.

Squadron-Leader Doug Johnstone has been in the Air Force since the day war broke out. His friends say he taught himself to fly in the Moth he owned before the war and used for transport round his sheep property in western N.S.W.

Quiet and slow spoken, he is one of the best-liked men in the unit.

He gave us a superb exhibition of aerobatics, when his plane seemed to skate in the sky with intrepid grace while the young trainees gaped with admiration.

Tall, rangy Squadron-Leader Douglas MacLaren McKay is administrative officer of the unit.

Squadron-Leader McKay comes from western Queensland, was with a Catalina squadron in New Guinea when a handful of airmen and a few planes faced the full might of Japanese air attack.

He has made himself the unit's unofficial historian.

He can tell countless stories of the men who have helped to make its history, and you feel that the story of the unit is not only in the book in his top desk drawer, but in his heart as well.

Squadron-Leader Wallace, chief

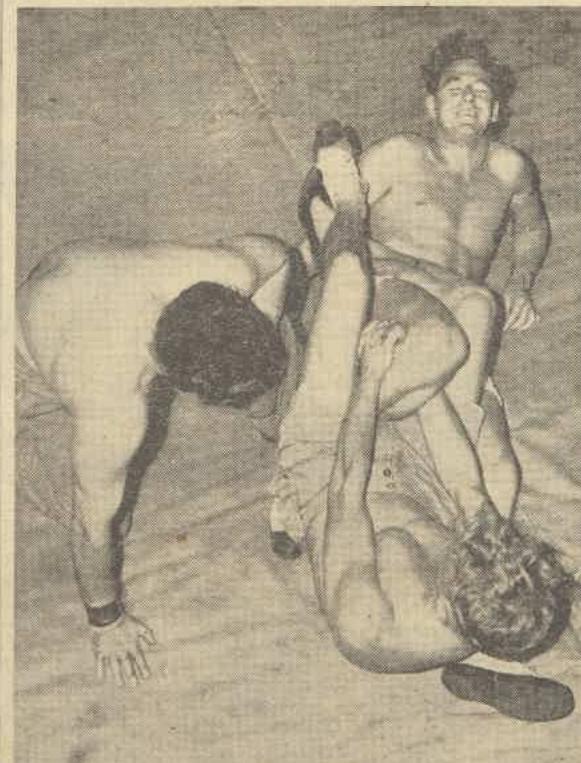


DIVE-BOMBING THEORY—dive-bomber pilot trainees—M. L. Bertheison (Squadron Leader)

ground instructor, was stationed Singapore and qualified for Caterpillar Club when he was brought down in Johore Straits.

He left Singapore with Far Eastern Headquarters when the unit fell, was wounded in an air raid and was in hospital in Palembang before joining a Chinese camp with other R.A.A.F. personnel on eventual voyage to Australia.

Hawk-faced, brown-eyed Pat Scandrett was a member of heroic 70 Squadron in New Guinea. His varied experiences include some time spent in the Merchant Navy, and his dry humour makes him one of the outstanding personalities on the station.



PHYSICAL TRAINING plays a big part in the lives of both pilots and navigators. P/O. R. J. Gehrig applies a short leg-scissors in a wrestle with Sgt. G. W. James, while instructor Sgt. W. C. T. Fazackerley referees.



NAVIGATORS practise clay pigeon shooting as training for defence shooting. F/L. Norman Collett, chief gunnery instructor, formerly with Hudson squadron in New Guinea, suggests direction to P/O. J. Stans.

## TRAINED



*FIVE VULTURES*—original members of this training unit. Left to right: F/Lt. Keith Gulliver, S/Ldr. Doug Johnstone, S/Ldr. Douglas McKay, S/Ldr. Dick Wallace, F/Lt. Pat Scandrett.

joined by F/O. Berry Newman to two. L. V. Bennett (Adelaide) and Sgt. Q. (on wing of aircraft).

Ebullient young Flight-Lieutenant Keith Gulliver, of Brisbane, was in Malaya and Singapore, spent two months on a modern Gulliver's Travels dodging Japs down through the Indies, and arrived in Perth in Chinese tramp steamer with other members of his squadron.

Another of the instructors is

Flying-Officer Berry Newman, of Adelaide, who spent fifteen months at Darwin, two months in Merauke.

He took part in the first dive-bombing strike on Selaru Island, in the Tanbar Group in Dutch New Guinea.

Hefty, blond Flying-Officer Jim Bee was with operational squadrons in Merauke and Darwin. He also

took part in the Selaru Island dive-bombing strike with Berry Newman.

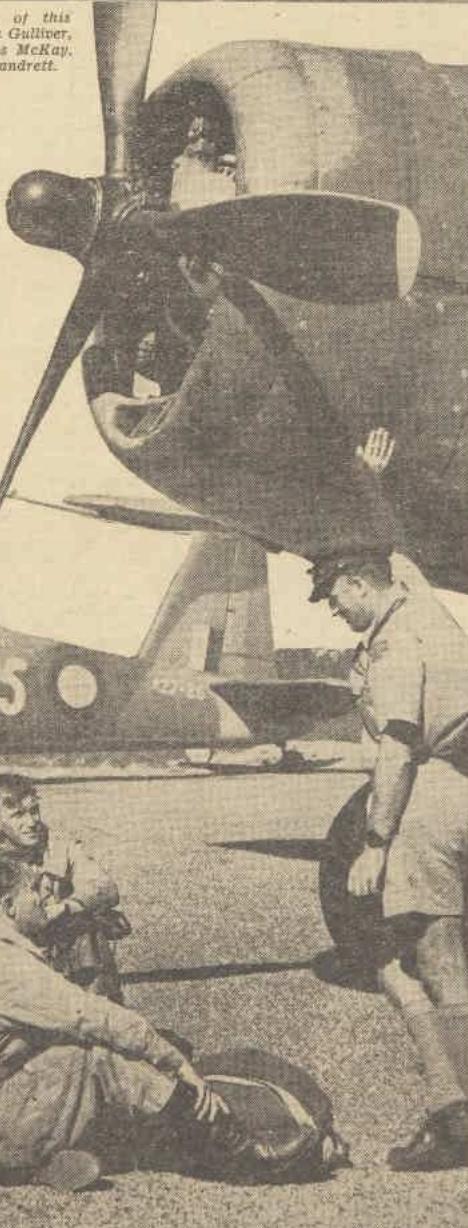
Handsome young Flight-Lieutenant Norman Colletti, chief gunnery instructor, was with a Hudson squadron in New Guinea.

Flying-Officer Lindsay Rundle was awarded the D.F.M. for his work with a Catalina squadron in New Guinea. He is now chief signals instructor at this school.

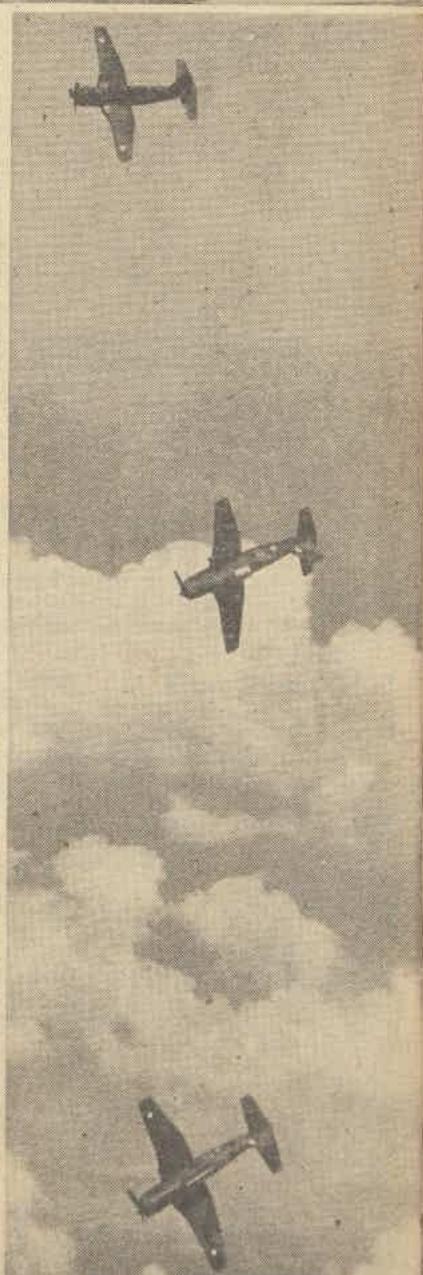
A pioneer unit with an infectious enthusiasm for its job, this dive-bombing school has already developed a sense of tradition and a devotion to its leaders.

The unit was formed by Australia's first dive-bombing pilot and C.O. of an R.A.A.F. unit in Malaya.

He was C.O. of the school for 13 months, and recently, when he was posted to an operational unit, his entire staff volunteered to be posted with him.



CHIEF FLYING INSTRUCTOR, S/Ldr. Doug Johnstone, gives an on-the-spot talk to new dive-bomber trainees. Left to right: (Seated) F/Lt. D. J. Myers, Sgt. G. Lowe, Sgt. M. Thomas, P/O. C. Tasker, F/Sgt. Arthur Proudfit, F/Sgt. G. Matley. In foreground: Sgt. L. M. Bennett, Sgt. M. L. Berthelson. —Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer, BILL BRINDLE.



AIRCRAFT in three stages of a dive. Top, left wing down as if turns on its back. Centre, almost on its back. Bottom, going into its vertical dive.

WHY not, he thought. Why shouldn't I have her?

Other men get what they want. They make a mistake once, and they recognise it, and do better. Take any five men in a Pullman car, and one of them, maybe the best of the lot, has been divorced.

"It's good," she remarked, looking up at him and surprising the tenderness in his glance. Or was she imagining it?

The man who wrote that made good use of some things I told him and that you told me."

"Really?"

"That's right. You had a hand in this. You have a hand in a good many things that I'm connected with."

"Handling the womanpower is really a big job now," she said. "We are going to have our hands full. At least my hands will be."

"You mustn't let them get so full that there isn't any time for me. I'm part of your job, you know."

She thought: I mustn't let him go any further with that. And said: "I heard to-day Kip's coming back to this country."

"What for?"

"A decoration. Because of the raid. So Alec says. Kip cabled Alec."

"Not you?"

She shook her head.

"That tears things open, doesn't it? How do you feel about it?"

"Glad he's going to be decorated. He deserves it."

"No question about that certainly. But I was thinking of you. If it's as you say between you two. The public has your names tied up now."

"That will be all right. I'll manage."

"Will you see him?" he asked.

"Of course. If he wants to see me. He probably wants to settle something."

"If I could just take care of you," said Hayes abruptly.

She looked up, and there was no use in pretending any longer that she didn't know how he felt, or that he could keep from telling her.

"I want to settle things myself."

said Hayes, "settle them so we can go on together."

"It couldn't be—" she said.

"Oh, yes, it could. It can, if you want it, Pamela."

That was what Alec had said, the way he had taunted her. Hayes went on: "I know what you're thinking. I'm married. But my marriage doesn't mean anything any more. We're not happy, Julia and I."

"Let's get out of here," she said, "can we?"

But outside it was worse. There was something dreadful to them both, in the fact that there was no place where they could go. It shamed her. It shamed Jerome. But now he had to tell her, as they walked along, rapidly, then slowing:

"I don't know whether Julia would divorce me or not. I don't know what she'd put me up against or what she'd try to do to you. That's what scares me, what she might do to you. As far as I'm concerned, I could weather it. She'd have to let me marry. But if she didn't, by heaven, we're useful enough to this world just now, so they'd have to let us live our way. I'd build you up so there wouldn't be any woman to touch you!"

"I can do it, too. You saw what I did for Alec Fraser. He was really getting on. Even if the fool has thrown it away."

"Alec? How?" Pam asked sharply. "You know what he's going to do, don't you?"

"No—I can guess," she said. "He's a fool to enlist. He's twice as much use where he is."

"Sometimes that doesn't matter," said Pam slowly. "So that's what he's done."

"If he lives through the war he can come back to it, of course. He says things are in shape now so that he can go, that they're rolling along. But if he leaves, somebody else is going to get all the credit."

"Alec wouldn't care," said Pam.

"But we're not interested in him to-night," Hayes went on.

Not interested, thought Pam. I

said that to Alec. I told him that I didn't care what he thought or what he did. She wasn't listening to what Jerome was saying until she realised that he had paused on a question.

"I don't know what you mean," she said blindly.

"I mean that I want to stand up and face the world with you, the way two people do who love each other."

"But I don't. I don't love you."

"You could. Unless you've still got Galloway in your mind. Unless you still love him."

"Kip's not in my mind." She was thinking with a curious sense of freedom, that she knew now what had been wrong from the beginning. Her mind had never been possessed by Kip, nor had there been room for him in her heart from the beginning.

The man beside her said, "I've made a mess of this. Now I've garbled everything, ruined it all."

She turned to him and put her arms about his neck. He felt her lips on his cheek. "You've ruined nothing," she whispered. "We'll be friends. We'll forget all this. It will be all right. I promise. Only now I must run and you mustn't follow."

"You bet it did."

"What are you doing here?" Alec asked Pam. "I've been hanging round your apartment for the last two hours or more, at least."

"Why?"

"I had something to say to you," he said. "I don't like the sun to go down on my anger."

"Well, it did."

"No, it didn't. I shouldn't have said those things. Are you and Kip all fixed up?"

"All fixed up," she said. "Has Kip told you he's going to marry Eve Kennedy?"

"Say, hold on—" protested Kip.

"It's just in the family. Alec won't tell. Alec never tells anything. That's what's the matter with him. He never tells even when he goes to war."

Kip turned to his cousin. "Is that a fact, Alec? Are you going in?"

"I'd like to get a crack at them myself," said Alec negligently, "and I know the inside of these crates. With any luck I'll get sent out where the repair jobs are immediate."

"How soon?" asked Pamela.

"Soon," he said. "I shan't have to wait around, so they'll tell me. They've got a spot for me, I think. But what's this about you and Eve Kennedy? Are you crazy?"

"Somebody is," said Kip.

"Nobody is," Pam said. "That is, nobody except Alec. I knew it when I was there in England. I suppose I knew it before I went. I knew that Kip was tired of playing round and I thought he might like to settle down. I thought he looked like a husband, like my husband. I almost had him fooled. I had myself completely fooled. Then when I was over there at Eve's house, I saw the real thing."

"It had happened to Kip. He thought of her all the time. She was always there to him."

Kip made an odd sound, but Pamela didn't stop.

"I saw the way she felt, too. I wonder that she didn't want to break my neck. There I was and she loved Kip and he loved her and along I came. With my suit-case."

She laughed breathlessly.

"I told her how it was in London, Kip, but I had an idea she might not tell you. She's not bold like me. She's really shy. She'd never tell you that she loves you. But you should have seen her face as I talked of you. And don't let her you because—"

"Alec told me you were coming."

"I figured he might. I didn't cable you because I didn't quite know how to put what I had to say."

"You can say it as you please."

"I've had a lot of time to think," said Kip. "You might not believe it, but you can think if you get to figuring time in hours. You've got to. I let you down, Pam, and I'm sorry. I let you down when I left, and again when I didn't call you from Baltimore. Alec knew about that time. He's always been on to me, you know. He's pretty clear."

"Yes, I know."

"And then again over there in England. I knew when you came back so soon that I'd let you down again. I ought to have asked you to marry me on the spot. It was coming to you. But just then I was all mixed up. Well, I'm not playing hide and seek this time. I'm asking you to marry me, Pam, right off, right now, maybe I've something to offer, even if it's only a little publicly."

"How about Eve?"

"She doesn't enter into this," he

## The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 7

said slowly, "and she knows that. I told her I was going to ask you to marry me, that I'd been a bad actor, and was going to make up for it."

"What did she say?"

He moistened his lips. "She said to go ahead. To ask you. I don't want to talk about Eve if you don't mind."

"But you'd think about her," said Pam. "What good would you be to me? I know why she said to go ahead and ask me. She knew what I would say, that I'd tell you what she won't tell you—that she loves you."

"I don't think that's right," he said, huskily. "I don't think she does. Not that way."

"Oh, yes," Pam said, "she's your girl, Kip. You take your medal back to her. You marry her and do it quick and think of her hard and all the time."

"But I can't do that to you!"

"Do what to me?" she exclaimed almost impatiently, as Alec came in at last.

In contrast to Kip he looked unilitary and unsuccessful. He was another tall man, with a stronger jaw and firmer mouth than Kip's. But at the moment he looked beaten.

"Well, Kip," he said. "Good work. So the old plane stood up all right."

"You bet it did."

"What are you doing here?" Alec asked Pam. "I've been hanging round your apartment for the last two hours or more, at least."

"Why?"

"I had something to say to you," he said. "I don't like the sun to go down on my anger."

"Well, it did."

"No, it didn't. I shouldn't have said those things. Are you and Kip all fixed up?"

"All fixed up," she said. "Has Kip told you he's going to marry Eve Kennedy?"

"Say, hold on—" protested Kip.

"It's just in the family. Alec won't tell. Alec never tells anything. That's what's the matter with him. He never tells even when he goes to war."

Kip turned to his cousin. "Is that a fact, Alec? Are you going in?"

"I'd like to get a crack at them myself," said Alec negligently, "and I know the inside of these crates. With any luck I'll get sent out where the repair jobs are immediate."

"How soon?" asked Pamela.

"Soon," he said. "I shan't have to wait around, so they'll tell me. They've got a spot for me, I think. But what's this about you and Eve Kennedy? Are you crazy?"

"Somebody is," said Kip.

"Nobody is," Pam said. "That is, nobody except Alec. I knew it when I was there in England. I suppose I knew it before I went. I knew that Kip was tired of playing round and I thought he might like to settle down. I thought he looked like a husband, like my husband. I almost had him fooled. I had myself completely fooled. Then when I was over there at Eve's house, I saw the real thing."

"It had happened to Kip. He thought of her all the time. She was always there to him."

Kip made an odd sound, but Pamela didn't stop.

"I saw the way she felt, too. I wonder that she didn't want to break my neck. There I was and she loved Kip and he loved her and along I came. With my suit-case."

She laughed breathlessly.

"I told her how it was in London, Kip, but I had an idea she might not tell you. She's not bold like me. She's really shy. She'd never tell you that she loves you. But you should have seen her face as I talked of you. And don't let her you because—"

"Alec told me you were coming."

"I figured he might. I didn't cable you because I didn't quite know how to put what I had to say."

"You can say it as you please."

"I've had a lot of time to think," said Kip. "You might not believe it, but you can think if you get to figuring time in hours. You've got to. I let you down, Pam, and I'm sorry. I let you down when I left, and again when I didn't call you from Baltimore. Alec knew about that time. He's always been on to me, you know. He's pretty clear."

"Yes, I know."

"And then again over there in England. I knew when you came back so soon that I'd let you down again. I ought to have asked you to marry me on the spot. It was coming to you. But just then I was all mixed up. Well, I'm not playing hide and seek this time. I'm asking you to marry me, Pam, right off, right now, maybe I've something to offer, even if it's only a little publicly."

"How about Eve?"

"She doesn't enter into this," he

## Animal Antics



"Why, Genevieve, you're trembling!"

make you believe she doesn't want to be married?"

"She didn't say so, did she?"

"She didn't have to say so, know."

"But, Pam," Pam insisted, "I can't do a thing like that to you. It's not fair to you."

"It's about time you thought of that, Kip," said Alec grimly.

Pam turned as if his voice had power to swing her round.

"You needn't talk about being fair to me," she said stormily.

"I told you I went to your place to tell you I was sorry."

"And why do you think I've been hanging round here for hours?"

"Why—you came with Kip, didn't you?"

"I came by myself. I'd been here an hour before that. Reading advertisements. Twiddling my thumbs. Not daring to smoke. Sitting here and feeling like the fool I am. But before you go away to war, I'm going to tell you one thing so you'll have it straight. I said to you that night and having dinner with you."

"But why didn't you?"

"You were horrid. You were indifferent. You didn't care whether I was alive or not."

"What are you talking about? I was indifferent? You came off that plane looking like—" He stopped and tried to laugh as if something might be funny. He failed. "I'll never forget how you looked. As if you had everything you wanted. And were out of my reach. Forever."

"Should I leave now?" asked Kip, a sudden smile breaking through his astonishment.

They didn't answer. They didn't seem to want to take a second's attention from each other. So he went, calling, "See you to-morrow."

But left to themselves they were conscious of it. All Pamela's words seemed to desert her. She felt flat and shy and unprotected.

"So now you know," she told him defensively.

"You mean what you said?" he asked unbelievingly. "Look, Pam, you didn't say all this just to give Kip an out? To make him feel better?"

She couldn't answer. Her face trembled and she turned blindly, trying to hurry to the door. But he caught her close, with tenderness, with authority, lifting her face to his own.

"You did mean it," he told her triumphantly. "My darling, you've let yourself in for it. I'm going to love you! How I have loved you all along, all the time!"

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Don't scold me — not even if I deserve it. Look at me. That's better. For we mustn't waste a minute. We have to go out and get married."

"When?"

"Right now. We'll find someone who can marry us. I'm in the Army now, and when I go away I'm going to leave my wife."

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## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 12 TO 3 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, February 16: Mrs Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 17 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Rees presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, February 18: The Australian Women's Weekly Radio Committee. Goodie Rees in "Gems of Melody."

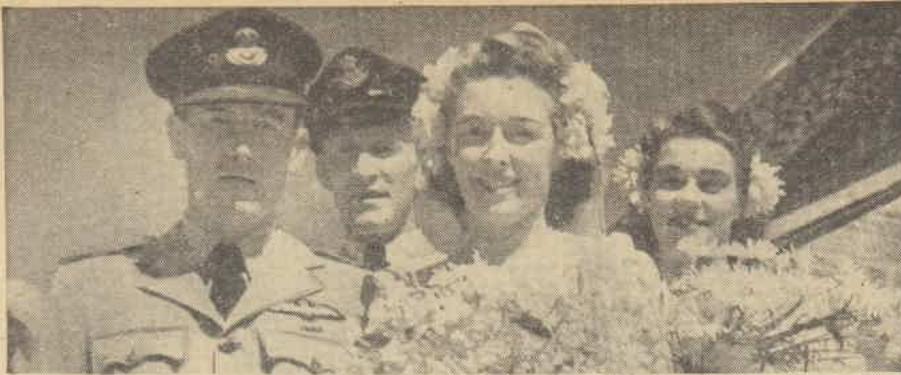
SATURDAY, February 19: Goodie Rees presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursomes."

SUNDAY, February 19 (4.15 to 5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, February 20: Goodie Rees' "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, February 21: Musical Alphabet.





D.F.C. WEDS. D.F.C. winner, Squadron Leader Sam Wood, R.A.A.F., of Melbourne, and his bride, formerly Sheldah Lyle, leaving St. Marks, Darling Point, attended by bride's sister, Mrs. Lyle, and S/Ldr. David Campbell, D.F.C.



LEAVING CHURCH. Gunner Clifford Gearin, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Mary Woods, leave St. Mary's, North Sydney, after their wedding.



NEW LIBRARY. Librarian Miss Mary E. Townes (left) and assistant Nancy Phillips at the new United States Information Library, opening this Wednesday at 350 George Street.

## on and off DUTY.

OFFICIAL opening this Wednesday for new United States Information Library in George Street.

Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, American Minister, comes down from Canberra especially to perform opening ceremony, and Mr. Clive Evatt, Minister for Education, accepts invitation to speak on behalf of educational groups.

Director of three U.S. Information Libraries in Australasia—in Sydney, Melbourne, and Wellington, N.Z.—Miss Harriet Root, Miss Mary E. Townes (librarian), and Miss Nancy Phillips (assistant), spent last week putting finishing touches to library which will form important reference source.

Mondays to Thursdays library will be open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Fridays it will be open from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

HOME in the country at High Park, Merriwa, for newly married Mr. and Mrs. William Joseph Nixon, who choose St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay, for celebration of their marriage.

Bride, who is the fifth daughter of Mr. T. J. Lynch, former Deputy Commissioner of Police, and of Mrs. Lynch, of Rose Bay, is attended by her sister Ita, and by bridegroom's sister Mary.

Bridegroom, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Nixon, of High Park, Merriwa, is attended by Mr. C. Cornwell and Mr. John Shannon, of Merriwa.

COUNTRY interest in wedding of Jean Stalley and Major Wallace Dunphy, A.I.F., at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Jean is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. Stalley, and of Mrs. Stalley, of Bourke.

She is attended by her two sisters, Zena and Kathleen Stalley.

Bridegroom, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dunphy, of Balgowlah, is attended by Major M. Quinton, A.I.F., and Major Terry Whiting.



R.A.A.F. WEDDING. Flight-Sergeant Robert Sears, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Dorothy, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Watkins, of Bellevue Hill, leaving St. Marks, Darling Point.



R.A.A.F. Younger Set, who plan Victory Dance at White City this Saturday. Front: Winsome Bratchie, Janet McPhee. Back: Ann Penny, Ronnie Davoren, Joyce Maddrell, Peggy Berch.



AT RECEPTION at Pickwick Club, best man Flight-Lieut. Frank Dick and Bridesmaid Betty Bradshaw read congratulatory telegrams to Flying-Officer William Henry Martin, D.F.C., and his bride, Rosalie Bradshaw.



GUARD OF HONOR of members of Hurstville Women's Fire Auxiliary for R.A.N. Writer David Bowman and his bride, Mina MacDonald; best man, Writer Noel Thwaites, R.A.N., and bridesmaid, B. Bultitude.

## Interesting People

A/M. SIR A. CONINGHAM . . . new R.A.F. honors

FAMOUS commander of R.A.F. in Middle East, brilliant Australian Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham has now been appointed Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. No. 2, Tactical Air Force in Britain. He was largely the creator of the Desert Air Force, and was made K.C.B. in 1943 for his work in Middle East. He was born in Brisbane.

MISS MERNIE YEOMANS

Red Cross social worker RECENTLY appointed deputy director of rehabilitation, Victorian Red Cross Society, Miss Mernie Yeomans is in charge of society's newly established social service department, which will give aid and advice to discharged Service personnel. Department will co-operate with other voluntary organisations.

THE Anti-Aircraft Searchlights Women's Auxiliary hold their meetings at Nock and Kirby's tea room the last Friday in every month. President Miss Thelma Brooks tells me they are anxious to contact women with relatives in the searchlight batteries, and would welcome them at the meetings. For inquiries, ring Miss Brooks at LW5494, or Mrs. C. E. Pratt, at LU2461.

Betty

SIR WILLIAM STRANG

Anglo-Soviet relations ASSISTANT Under-Secretary of State, British Foreign Office Sir William Strang has been appointed British representative, with rank of ambassador, on European Advisory Commission set up in London under agreement at recent Three-Power Moscow Conference. He was knighted for his work at conference. Has devoted his career to improving Anglo-Russian relations. Commission will act in advisory capacity to British, American, and Russian Governments in exchange of information and ideas.





## Movie World

• JANET BLAIR, vivacious young Columbia star, whose singing and dancing have made her a popular camp entertainer and a valuable asset on several bond-selling tours. Janet is married to Sergeant Lou Busch, of the U.S. Army, whom she met when she

was singing with the late Hal Kemp's Band, in which Busch was pianist and arranger. After a rapid rise to fame, Janet is now one of the top box-office stars of Columbia, and will make her technicolor debut with Rita Hayworth in "To-night and Every Night."



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## GETTING READY FOR AUTUMN



• Two little knots of flowers stitched on to bows are pinned on to an ordinary pancake beret, add a bit of veiling and you have a hat to take you out at night.



• A very plain straight dress requiring only the very minimum amount of material and coupons has two dark contrasting bands round midriff and hips, ending with bows on either side to give an individual and dramatic effect.

• Glamorise beyond belief an old pillbox with strips of contrasting felt or velvet ribbon and make a dramatic snood-like hair covering at the back, fastened on the top with bows.



• A double beret—made of two contrasting colors, pancaked one on top of the other, and adding a large bow top front.

• A last season's dress takes on a new lease of life with a new inset waist piece and two huge pleated front pockets hanging from the belt.

## For CUTS, BURNS



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

## Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS

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(With Free Diet Chart)

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- 2 It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3 It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4 It will ease the Naging Pains of Neuralgia and Neuralgia.
- 5 Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6 'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or Flu in 24 hours.
- 7 It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8 It soothes away Irritability.
- 9 It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10 The stabbing pains of Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11 It can be taken at any time—in Train, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere.
- 12 It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
- 13 Relieves ill-effects of Alcohol.
- 14 It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15 As a gargle 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

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12/43

SHERIFF POND

looked blank. "At his home? But he's not there. Harkness said, when he left here, that he was going back to Zoopark to try to straighten up matters in his office."

"Oh, he did!" To Miss Hildegarde Withers came the sudden and unpleasant realisation that Willa was alone in that office, making up the list she had promised. "Well, then, I'm off for Zoopark. And, Sheriff, you'd better come with me."

But Willa Benson did not happen to be alone in the Zoopark office. She was hammering rapidly at the rubber keys of her typewriter and at the same time listening to a proposal, couched with all the soft persuasion of which Peter O'Crotty was capable.

Willa clashed keys, freed them, and used her eraser neatly. "No," she said, in an odd, faraway voice. "Why?" Peter demanded.

"Peter, please go away," Willa breathed. "I've got to get this out for Mr. Harkness. If you—"

Whatever Willa may have been going to say was lost in the flurry caused by the entrance of Miss Hildegarde Withers and Sheriff Pond. Peter seized both her hands and shook them heartily.

"Great of you to come, even though I'd have got off anyway."

"Would you!" whispered Miss Withers, her keen eyes roving around the room. Willa typed steadily on, never taking her eyes from the shorthand notebook, even when Sheriff Pond approached her.

"I'm sorry, you can't see him right now," she said, in her most authoritative tone. "He doesn't want to be disturbed."

"Okay, then we'll wait," decided the sheriff.

"Not me," said Miss Withers firmly, making for the door. But the sheriff, moving quickly for all his bulk, caught her arm. "Now take it easy, no reporter is going to bother Dr. Harkness unless he says it's okay . . ."

"I'm not a reporter! I'm just interested in preventing a tragedy! Sheriff, I demand—"

## The Hungry Hippo

Continued from page 5

but I didn't think he'd do it that way!"

"What way?" demanded Sheriff Pond suddenly. "There's no snake in here!"

"You might have your men look for a hypodermic needle," suggested Miss Withers softly. "A needle filled with cobra venom."

That search proved fruitless. Sheriff Pond turned towards Peter, whose arms were around the sobbing girl. "You can take her home."

"I'm taking her farther than that," announced Peter proudly. "I'm taking her out of all this. She's going to marry me to-night. I just asked her, and she said yes."

Miss Withers approached the happy couple, hands extended. "Married! Imagine that! I do hope you'll be very happy—"

The smile on Peter's face froze suddenly. For instead of shaking hands with the bride-to-be, Miss Withers had very deftly seized her by her thick up-swept hair and yanked her almost off her feet.

Peter's shout of angry protest died in his throat. For as the thick hair came tumbling down about Willa's eyes something fell with it—two hypodermic needles, laced together, and partly full of a yellowish, oily liquid.

"Your confession stands," Miss Withers assured the sheriff. "Just have the young lady sign it."

## Look Not Back

Continued from page 2

WHEN we left the bus we walked a few yards along the same road and then turned to the right. It was another street of little houses—prim, semi-detached houses.

Catharine was fumbling in her handbag. She took out a key.

"This is it," she said. "Number forty-three."

Before she even opened the door I knew what the house would be like. A tiny front hall, with stairs which almost hit you in the face. A small sitting-room, an even smaller dining-room. Two bedrooms upstairs—very small.

Catharine said: "Come in here first."

The sitting-room was scrubbed and polished. I recognised most of the furniture for what it was—second-hand stuff. But there was a good occasional table in one corner, an old mahogany one.

"That looks almost the twin of the one in your flat," I said.

"It is the one from my flat," Catharine said. "Don't you understand, Mamma? This is my house. Tom and I are going to be married next Saturday."

For a moment I was utterly speechless. Finally, I said weakly:

"And you're going to live here?"

"We shall have a week here. A week's honeymoon. And then I shall be here by myself waiting for the day when he comes back and we can really begin to live!"

"You're mad," I told her. "Begin to live? My dear, in this house you'll never know the meaning of the word. You'll never have any money. You'll never have any freedom. Oh, Catharine, don't do it! I know so well how it was with me!"

She said: "Dear Mamma, don't be unhappy. Can't you see, it won't be the same for me as it was for you? It won't ever be the same."

"Why not?" I demanded. "Housework hasn't changed. Not having enough money hasn't changed. They're both monotonous and stifling still."

"But that's what I want," Catharine said gently. "That's what we all want, we who've lived most of our youth in this war. We've had freedom enough, within the limits of our jobs. And we've had more than enough excitement. Now we want to settle down in a little house, no matter what it's like."

I looked up at her then. She still wore that air of radiance I'd seen all the morning. But now I saw more. There was maturity in her face and the weariness of long days of anxiety.

She went on quietly: "I suppose it was different for you, Mamma. You'd never seen little houses brought to the ground or known your whole world rock under your

enough," said Miss Withers, as she recounted her success to the inspector back in Manhattan. "The girl gave herself away twice—once when she typed a whole page of the confession without turning the leaf in the notebook she was supposed to be copying, and again when she took a deep breath and got ready to scream before she discovered the body."

"Not bad at all," conceded Inspector Oscar Piper. "So the girl milked the funds, then killed the auditor who was going to expose her. To top that she killed Harkness so she could write a fake confession and pin it all on him!" He nodded. "You make a pretty complete case. Not bad, for an amateur detective."

"You might at least refer to me as a semi-pro!" snapped the schoolteacher. "After the way it all came out so neatly!"

He grinned. "Too bad about the kid with the good Irish name, though. Take it hard?"

"Not very," Miss Withers admitted. "When I last heard, Peter O'Crotty was buying a bus ticket for Los Angeles, en route to see a girl named Claribel. He has, however," she added thoughtfully, "promised to take my name off his mailing lists."

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## In the Army now



"I can't help you with your beautifying until peace comes, because I'm on Defense work, protecting Mamma's war equipment and helping men, and that's a great compliment," Dulux quality."

**BALM DULUX**

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH  
SUPERIOR ENAMELS and VARNISHES

**BUT I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER**

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Golden Glory Chocolates

Old Gold Chocolates

Cherry Ripe Chocolates

Freddo Frogs

Romance Chocolates

## Vegetables to grow..

● Green vegetables and broad beans will go a long way toward supplying the family with good food during winter months, when meat rationing will be felt most.

THE first sowings of broad beans can be made in February in cool districts, and in March in the more temperate climes. They take about 4½ to 5 months to mature.

Cabbages and cauliflowers can be sown now, or seedlings set out in well prepared land. Cabbages need deeply dug soil and ample decayed manure. The ground should be limed well about three weeks before manuring if any doubt is felt regarding the lime content of the soil.

If the land has been well manured previously for beans or some similar crop, an application of the following mixture will be beneficial: Blood and bone, 1lb.; superphosphate, 1lb.; sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, 2oz.; and potash, 1oz., or wood-ash, 1lb. Each square yard should receive a good

handful of this fertiliser. It should be applied about a fortnight before sowing seed or setting out seedlings. Preparations for cauliflower are similar in every way to those for cabbage, except that the ground should be limed more.

Silver beet or spinach beet is another excellent green, and one that can be cut and cut again for several months if regularly fed and watered. New Zealand spinach is a weedy vegetable of rather good flavor.

Prickly-seeded or English spinach is another fine green vegetable. It requires to be grown closely together in very rich soil. Kohlrabi tops can



TREASURE-TROVE from a backyard garden. Note how fresh and crisp these vegetables look... How does your victory garden grow?

be cut young and eaten like spinach, and the tops of all turnips are delicious if cut young and cooked like spinach.

Chinese cabbages, wong bok and pe-tsai, can be sown now and eaten raw, like lettuce, or cooked.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

Eat what you like  
and don't fear  
INDIGESTION



Hardy's gives quick permanent relief from painful indigestion and stomach trouble—no need to diet. Eat hearty meals and enjoy them, without painful after-effects. Rely on HARDY'S, the proven treatment for the sure relief of Indigestion.

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POWDER

SOLD BY CHEMISTS  
AND STORES EVERYWHERE  
PRICE 2/9 A JAR

Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.

## Guard against food poisoning

I HAD an urgent call from a neighbor of the Fosters last night. I was told that the family were violently ill following a picnic.

"I think it's ptomaine," said the caller. "Come at once, Doctor..." They were in a sorry plight indeed—all suffering from food poisoning, not ptomaine.

"Ptomaine" is a name given to certain substances which form in decomposing food. By the time these are present the food would be in an advanced state and not likely to be eaten.

On the other hand, food poisoning is caused by bacteria or their poisons which enter food in one way or another. They thrive under warm conditions and careless handling.

This is the reason picnic parties sometimes end in trouble. Food is not protected once it is unpacked. Leave your lunch open to dust, flies, and the hot, summer sun, and it will soon be contaminated and you will be none the wiser, because con-

taminated food is seldom altered in appearance, smell, or taste.

Food has to be protected in the home, too. Make "Clean, cool, and covered" your motto, especially with meat and milk, the favorite hunting grounds for the food-poisoning bacteria. Don't tolerate flies; they are a menace to health and carry many germs which they are only too anxious to leave on uncovered food. They are dirty guests with filthy habits.

As many growers spray their crops to rid them of pests, it is advisable to wash all fruits and vegetables before they are eaten.

There are several other causes of food poisoning. Children often become ill after eating attractive berries belonging to poisonous plants. Often toadstools are mistaken for mushrooms, with unpleasant results. Lemon drinks mixed on a large scale in an enamel bucket can cause poisoning. The acid of the lemon dissolves the antimony in the enamel, or the lead

from the solder in a metal bucket. Vessels of aluminium, stainless steel, cast-iron and pottery are the safest for acid drinks.

But in the majority of cases trouble is caused by the bacteria, due to careless handling. General cleanliness in the preparation of food is the first important safeguard.

However, if you do fall a victim, the treatment is warmth and fluids. Don't be alarmed at any purging; this is nature's way of getting rid of the offending material. Of course, if the attack is severe it is a matter for a doctor.

He knew  
those darling hands!



## Miss Precious Minutes says:

I AM told by one who has tried it that ink can be removed from color-fast, washable materials this way: Soak the stain in the juice of rhubarb boiled ten minutes in very little water. Leave to soak for several hours. Then wash as usual.

★ ★ ★  
LIPSTICK or rouge can be removed from materials by sponging with carbon tetrachloride. I am told that this method does not affect colors.

★ ★ ★  
YOU can remove soot marks from white materials this way: Lay a cloth damped in hydrogen peroxide over the soot, cover with a dry cloth, and press with a warm iron. Replace the top cloth with another dry piece, as it absorbs the hydrogen peroxide. Note that I said white materials.

How could he mistake those soft, white hands—that light, caressing touch? Her hands had fascinated him from the start... You can make your hands softer, whiter, really enchanting—almost overnight, with Pond's Hand Lotion. So silky-smooth, not the least bit greasy, you can leave it on all night. Just sprinkle a few drops into the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

## Miss Precious

I AM told by one who has tried it that ink can be removed from color-fast, washable materials this way: Soak the stain in the juice of rhubarb boiled ten minutes in very little water. Leave to soak for several hours. Then wash as usual.

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LIPSTICK or rouge can be removed from materials by sponging with carbon tetrachloride. I am told that this method does not affect colors.

★ ★ ★  
YOU can remove soot marks from white materials this way: Lay a cloth damped in hydrogen peroxide over the soot, cover with a dry cloth, and press with a warm iron. Replace the top cloth with another dry piece, as it absorbs the hydrogen peroxide. Note that I said white materials.



KEEP your eye on those moths—air your clothes regularly; keep them spotlessly clean. Have woolies dry-cleaned or laundered before storing—says Miss Precious Minutes.

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the happy day  
will dawn when  
there will be enough  
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for Every Baby.



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## GROUP D COUPON MEATS

and sweets to match them

By OLWEN FRANCIS  
Food and Cookery Expert  
to The Australian  
Women's Weekly



PINEAPPLE GIVES TANG to this meat loaf. Other peppling-up accessories for meat loaves, hamburgers, rissoles, casseroles, or made-overs include apple chutney, plum sauce, pickled fruits, tart fruit jellies.

REMEMBER, stew is a kitchen term but dining-room taboo... serve stew as goulash or fricassee, savory casserole, and salmi or blanquette.

To raise the humble hot-pot to the aristocratic taste level of epicurean entrees and sirloins requires a mixture of imagination, initiative, and some study of the use of herbs and spices, condiments and wines in cookery. Try the clove-stuck onion in boiling pot; vinegar with mint, sage, and nutmeg for marinading tough steaks; allspice mixed with brown sugar for rubbing into boiled brisket; a glaze of hot honey for the last-minute browning of an uninteresting joint of mutton or rabbit.

White wine, lemon juice, or tart apples give a pliancy to white-meat casseroles, while red wine or fruit juices in the sauce in which red meat is braised give highbrow character to a Group D meat.

A word to the nutrition-conscious—these cheaper cuts of meat are as valuable as the more expensive:

## SPICED CORNED BRISKET

About 3lb. of corned brisket, 2 teaspoons allspice, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 clove-stuck onion, warm water.

Wash the meat and rub well with a mixture of brown sugar and spice. When ready to cook place in warm water with the vinegar and clove-stuck onion. Tip in any loose spice and sugar. Bring slowly to simmering point and cook gently, allowing 30 minutes to each lb. and 30 minutes over. If serving hot, add such vegetables as carrots, turnips and parsnips, allowing just sufficient time to cook until tender. If serving cold, allow to cool in the cooking water; this keeps the meat moist and improves the flavor. For four to six.

## STRAWBERRY CREAM JELLY

One packet strawberry jelly, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup milk, 1 cup fruit juice (such as pineapple skin juice or apple juice), 1 tablespoon mint leaves, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, sugar to taste, green glazing.

Simmer fruit juice and mint leaves for 10 minutes, dissolve the gelatine in this, sweeten to taste, and strain. Color to delicate green shade. Dissolve strawberry jelly crystals (sufficient for 1 pint jelly)

in cup of boiling water. Cool, and stir in milk. Take a wetted mould and prop to angle in refrigerator, ice-chest or cool safe. Pour in half strawberry jelly. When set, alter the angle and pour in mint jelly, and when set, straighten mould and pour in remainder of strawberry jelly. Allow to set, turn out, garnish with mint and strawberries when in season. For four.

BRAISED ESCALOPES OF BEEF

One and a half pounds gravy beef, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 large onion, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 pint water, juice of 1 lemon or 1 cup of chablis, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Cut meat into small, thin slices and brown in dripping. Stir in flour and brown well. Add skinned tomatoes and thinly sliced onion. Stir in water, chablis, or lemon juice. A tablespoon of brown sugar and a pinch of spice give an interesting flavor. Season to taste and cover tightly. Simmer gently in stewpan or in casserole in oven for 1½ to 2 hours. Serve piping hot in a border of spaghetti or potatoes. Sprinkle parsley on top. For four.

## PENNYWISE LAMB CHOPS

One breast of lamb, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup breadcrumbs, pepper and salt.

Remove breastbone from breast with sharp knife and cut a pocket from end of breast. Stuff with sausage meat, parsley, and crumbs, seasoned to taste. Fasten with skewers, rub with spices, and brush with vinegar. Cover and chill thoroughly. Slice between ribs to make individual servings. Brush again with vinegar or lemon juice. Grill slowly for 7 minutes on each side or braise in a thin brown sauce on a bed of diced vegetables.

## AMERICAN RAGOUT OF MUTTON

One and a half to 2lb. best end neck chops, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup or more diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups water, 2 tomatoes, 8 to 12 new potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped mint.

Brown chops and sliced onions and flour. Add celery, celery leaves, salt, and water. Simmer gently for 1

hour. Remove lid from stewpan or casserole. Cover chops with sliced tomatoes and scraped new potatoes. Cover, and cook for another 1½ hours. Sprinkle with mint, cover for a few minutes, and then serve piping hot.

## RHUBARB MUFFINS

Six ounces self-raising flour (preferably wholemeal), 2oz. dripping, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 cups lightly stewed rhubarb, 1 cup rhubarb syrup, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, little red coloring.

Cream dripping, sugar, lemon rind, and juice, add beaten egg, and then sifted flour alternately with milk, mixing to a smooth batter. Drop spoonfuls into fairly large greased patty tins, filling two-thirds of each tin. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Thicken the rhubarb syrup with the arrowroot, add rhubarb; color, if liked. Scoop out tops of muffins, reserving for another sweet. Fill with rhubarb mixture and serve freshly made. For four to six.

## PINEAPPLE MEAT LOAF

Three or four slices of pineapple, 1lb. minced meat or left-over meat, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup white or brown sauce, 1 teaspoon sage, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 dessertspoon onion.

Place pineapple on the bottom of a thickly greased loaf-tin. Combine remaining ingredients, moistening further if necessary. Pack into loaf-

tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 40 minutes. Turn out and serve hot with vegetables.

First aid for Grade D meat is long and slow cooking. This and the clever use of herbs, spices, and condiments can give them the taste appeal of Groups A and B meats... Try these kitchen-tested recipes for meats and sweets. Note the surprise variations of some old favorites.

CHOCOLATE SHAPE  
(With Lemon Sauce)

One pint milk or milk and water, 3 teaspoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour. For sauce: 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, 1 teaspoon butter.

Blend cornflour to a thin paste. Heat remainder of milk, sugar, and blended cocoa. Stir in cornflour and bring to boil. Cook 3 minutes, stirring. Pour into a wetted mould and allow to chill and set. Heat water, lemon rind, sugar, and butter for sauce. Add arrowroot blended with a little cold water. Simmer 3 minutes, add lemon juice, and serve with chocolate shape. A clove simmered with this sauce gives an interesting flavor. For four.

BARBECUED PATTIES  
(With Apple Rings)

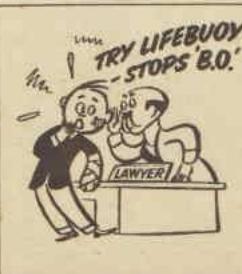
One pound minced meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cooking apples, 1 tablespoon melted dripping or cooking oil, mixed spice, chopped parsley.

Pound together meat, onion, salt, sauce, and flour, and form into patties. Dry fry or grill, turning frequently. Peel, core, and slice apples into tin rings. Sauté in dripping or brush with melted fat and grill. Sprinkle lightly with spice while hot. A brushing with brown sugar mixed with spice gives a good glaze and flavor. Serve patties on apple rings. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once. For four.

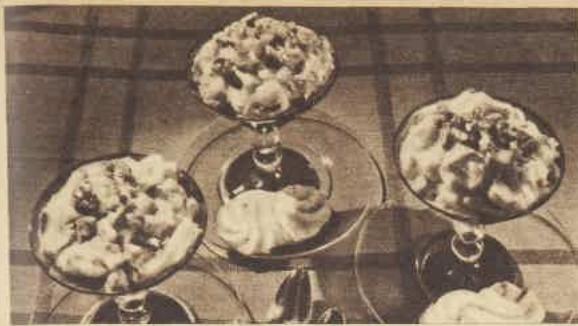


RHUBARB MUFFINS are feather-light when served hot. The fruit salad ring and minted strawberry cream should be quivering on the service spoon. Be light-handed with gelatine, and don't chill too long.

## HOME, SWEET HOME



W.B.2



EVERYDAY OR PARTY SWEET is this rhubarb compote. Simply make a cornflour sauce sweetened with honey, fold in lightly stewed rhubarb, top with nut chips or cake crumbs.

### Prize-winning recipe . . .

## PRESERVING TOMATOES

Readers' recipes this week were rich with ideas for using tomatoes and onions. Take advantage of them. Note also the recipe for dog biscuits. Your pet should welcome them!

SEVERAL country women and older housewives questioned about the preserving of tomatoes as given insist that this method is sound.

Although tried in our kitchen, it has not yet been proved for keeping quality. Time will tell, of course.

If rings and jars are being used, process for double safety in a water bath for 25 minutes. If the wax sealing is used, do not overheat or wax shrinks, allowing air penetration. Keep in cool, dry place.

The onion charlotte, onion roly-poly, and tomato tarts will be welcome for meatless days.

### HOW TO PRESERVE TOMATOES

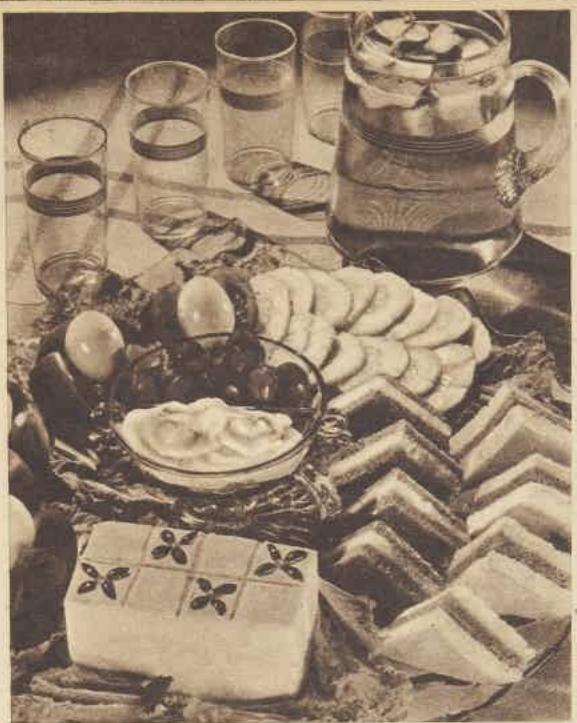
Immerse 4 lb. ripe tomatoes in boiling water a few minutes to remove skins. Place in saucepan, puncture each with fork to allow juice to escape. Add 2 teaspoons butter and 1 teaspoon salt. Stand over hot fire until boiling fiercely. Cool for a few seconds, then simmer about 30 minutes. Golden syrup tins, liquid glucose or any tins that are airtight, or malted milk jars or any jars with screw tops and rubbers can be used. Place jars and tins in cold water and boil. Have them perfectly dry, then immediately the tomatoes are taken off fire tip them into containers, overflowing a little. Place lids on firmly, and seal with equal parts mutton fat and beeswax to prevent air penetrating. If using jars, it is advisable to keep them hot in the oven after boiling. They will not break when the boiling-hot tomatoes are poured in if this method is followed.

I have found that tomatoes preserved this way will keep for years.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Westwood, Twynam St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

### ONION CHARLOTTE

Cook large onions till half-done, pour water away and cover onions with 1-3rd water and 2-3rds milk, finish cooking. Thicken liquor with cornflour, add grated nutmeg, pinch cinnamon, salt and pepper. Pour over onions and simmer with piece



PLATTER FOR A WARM-WEATHER supper or luncheon, complete with pitcher of tinkling iced tea. Pickled cherries and sharp mayonnaise are in centre with cream-cheese-coated salad loaf, marinated cucumbers, tomatoes, eggs, and bread-and-butter triangles.

of butter. Take enough bread to line the dish in which you will cook the charlotte, fry it golden brown, line the dish, and pour in the onion. Top with a mixture of 1 tablespoon grated cheese to 2 of fine breadcrumbs, pour over 10z melted butter, and bake in quick oven until crumbs are brown. Serve hot with a salad of raw sliced cabbage and apple decorated with crisp radishes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Bradson, 42 Huntley's Point Rd., Gladysville, N.S.W.

### GLORIOUS TART

Make a good shortcrust, line a tart plate with it, and fill with following mixture: Two peeled and sliced tomatoes, 1 sliced onion, 1 cup cooked pea, pepper, salt, 1 cup grated cheese, dot a few nuts of butter about top. Damp pastry edges, cover with shortcrust, brush over with milk. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

### ONION ROLY-POLY

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup finely chopped suet, 2 large onions, salt and pepper to taste, and water to mix.

Sift flour and salt, add suet, and mix to soft dough with cold water. Roll out, cover evenly with finely chopped onions, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll up, and tie in a floured cloth. Boil for 1½ hours in the same pot as corned beef, and serve cut in thin slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Branigan, 13 Cleary St., Hamilton, N.S.W.

### DOG BISCUITS

Three cups bran, 3 cups pollard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 large cup dripping, 1 large grated carrot, 1 egg, 1 large cup milk (or milk and water).

Rub dripping into bran, pollard, flour, and salt, add carrot. Beat egg into milk, add to dry ingredients. Mix, knead, and roll out to less than 1 inch. More liquid may be needed. Bake until crisp. Keep in tin. Very handy for snack in morning.

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her tasks beyond number.  
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She is on duty—  
She sees the children  
off to school.  
She makes the meals,  
She makes the beds—  
**and the 'planes!**  
Sees to the laundry  
**and the lathe.**  
Fills the shells—  
and the shopping basket,  
a tiring business  
these days.  
Cuts sandwiches  
for her man  
going on night duty—  
and wakes at once  
if her child  
cries in the night.  
Tired yet tireless,  
She holds the fort  
of the family;  
the citadel  
of the hearth.  
She has no medals,  
only the pride  
of working and striving  
beside her menfolk  
in a great enterprise—  
to save the homes  
and the children  
of all the world.

★ ★ ★ ★

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